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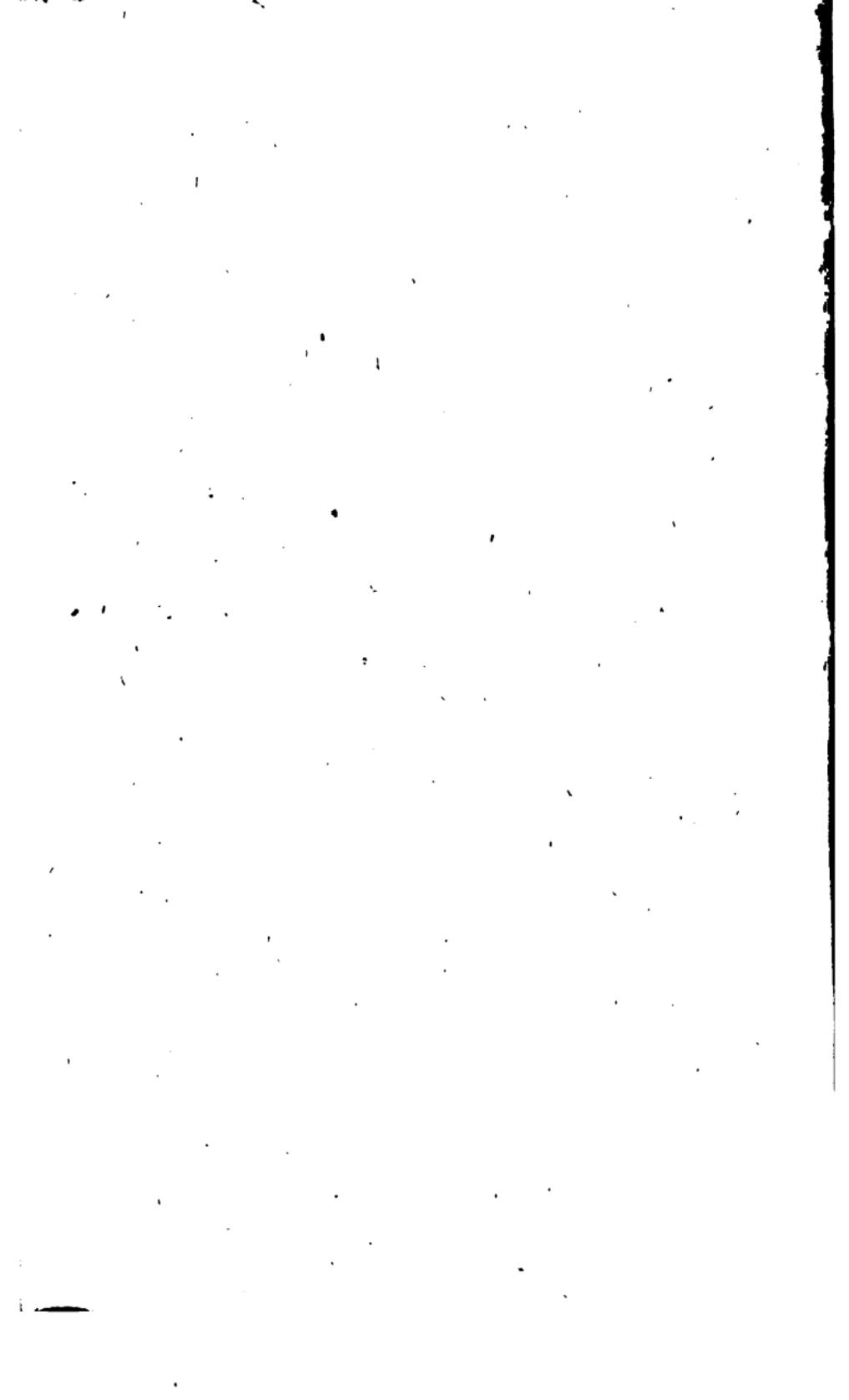
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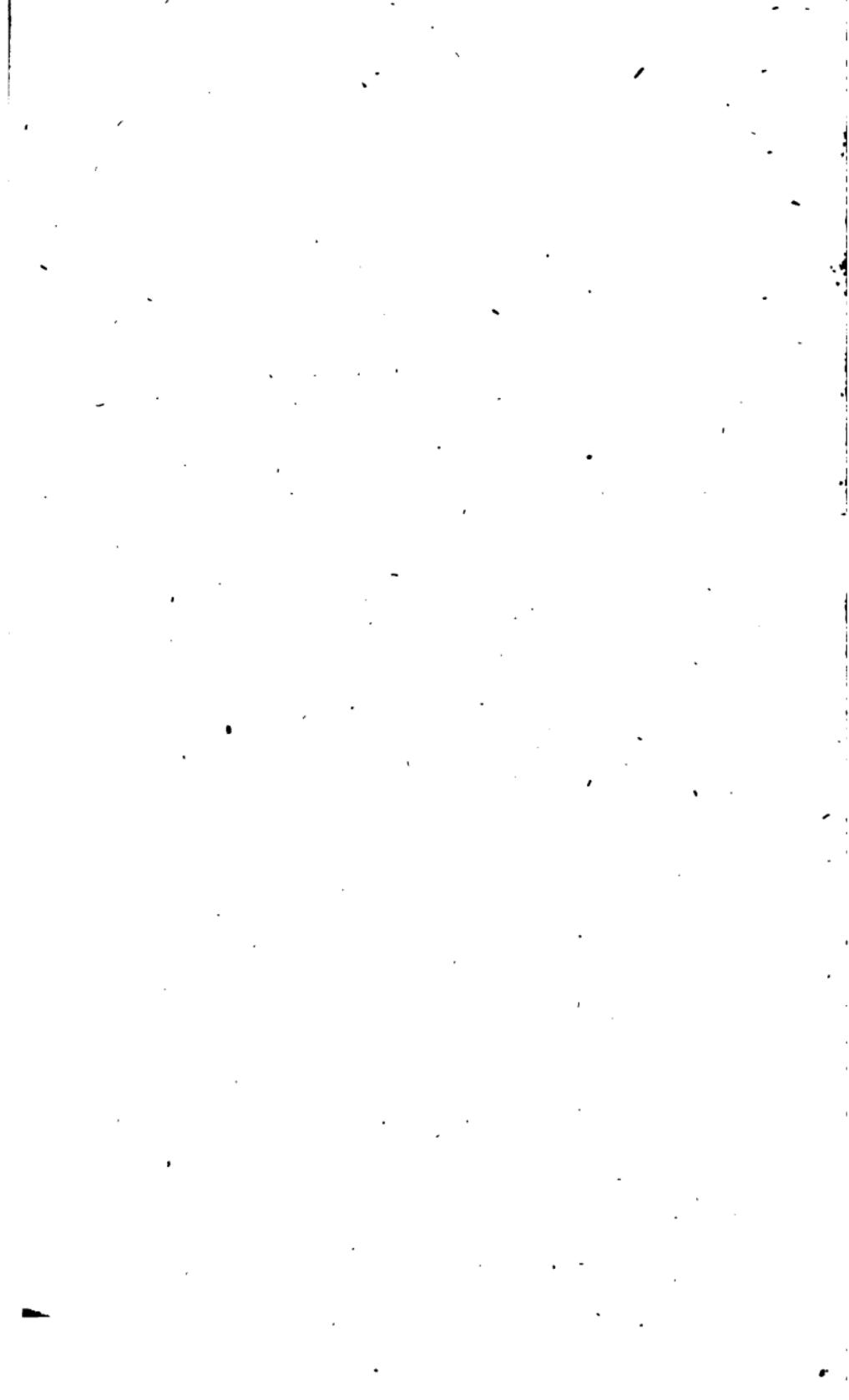


Thomas Amyot.





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R E L I Q U E S

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ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



R E L I Q U E S
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
Together with some few of later Date.
THE THIRD EDITION.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
M D C C L X X V.



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Thoughts

Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may see
by them how the wind fits: As take a straw and
throw it up into the air, you may see by that which
way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up
a stone. More solid things do not shew the com-
plexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

REEDGES



RELJQUES
OF ANCIENT POETRY,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

“A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,” affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

VOL. II.

B

To

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000l. to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king's prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALINGFORD and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.

—WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. alludes to a remarkable circumstance, which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard king of the Romans took refuge in a Windmill, which he baricadoed, and maintained for some time against the Barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender. See a very full account of this, in the Chronicle of Mailros. Oxon. 1684. p. 229.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the i hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
 The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
 Thrittys thousent pound askede he
 For te make the pees in the countre,
 Ant so he dode more.

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

B 2

Richard

Ver. 2. kyn. MS.

4. A N C I E N T P O E M S.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
Haveth he neut of Walingford oferlyng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
He saisede the mulne for a castel,
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
He wende that the sayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele host,
Brohte from Alemayne mony fori gost
To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne :
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,

For love of Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath fuore bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,
 To help of Wyndesore. 35

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath fuore bi ys 'fot',
 Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
 Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot,
 Shulde he never more with his fot pot
 To helpe Wyndesore. 40

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Triethen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 38. top or cop.

Ver. 40. g'te here. MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Gloss.

*** *The satirical Ballad on RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE will rise in its importance with the curious Reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a Law in our statute Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, " to cause discord betwixt king and people."* (WESTM. PRIMER, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) *That it had this effect is the opinion of an eminent Writer: See "Observations upon the Statutes, chiefly the more Ancient, &c."* 4to. 2d Edit. 1766. p. 71.

If this very learned and ingenious Antiquary would examine the original MS. in the Harl. Collection, whence our Ballad was extracted, he would, I believe, find other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first Law against Libels.

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD
THE FIRST.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. died July 7. 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000l. to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isobel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. — To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eulogies in the mouth of the Pope; with the same poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities

culiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

A LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A stoundē herkneth to my song
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh mé syke, ant forewe among ;
Of a knyht, that wés so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille ;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so fone shall ligge stille. 5

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y syng ; 10
Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con spinge :
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge, 15
Of Cristendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
He spek ase mon that wes in care,
“ Clerkes, knyghtes, barons, he sayde,
“ Y charge ou by oure sware, 20
“ That

“ That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
 “ Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
 “ Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
 “ For he is nest to buen y-core.

“ Ich biqueth myn herte aryht, 25
 “ That hit be write at mi devys,
 “ Over the see that Hue * be diht,
 “ With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
 “ In werre that buen war ant wys,
 “ Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30
 “ To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
 “ Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.”

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest ‘ finne,’
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
 To latte the wille of ‘ Edward kyng’ 35
 To wende to the holy londe :
 That oure kyng hede take on honde
 All Engelond to zeme ant wylle,
 To wenden in to the holy londe
 To wynnen us heveriche blisse, 40

The messager to the pope com,
 And seyde that oure kynge wes ded ;
 Ys ounе hond the lettre he nom,
 Ywis his herte wes ful gret ;

The

* This is probably the name of some person, who was to preside over this business. Ver. 33. sunne. MS. Ver. 35. kyng Edward. MS.

Ver. 43. ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 9

The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45
 Ant spec a word of gret honour.

“ Alas ! he seid, is Edward ded ?

“ Of Cristendome he ber the flour.”

The Pope to is chaumbre wende, 50
 For dol ne mihte he speke na more ;
 Ant after cardinals he sende,

That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
 Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,

Bed hem bothe rede ant syng :

Gret deol me myhte se thore, 55
 Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
 With ful gret solempnete,

Ther me con the soule blesse :

“ Kyng Edward honoured thou be : 60

“ God love thi sone come after the,

“ Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,

“ The holy crois y-mad of tre,

“ So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

“ Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65

“ The flour of al chivalrie

“ Now kyng Edward liveth na more :

“ Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !

“ He

“ He wolde ha rered up ful heyeze
 “ Oure banners, that bueth broht te grounde ;
 “ Wel ! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70
 “ Er we a such kyng han y-founde.”

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engelond al aplyht,
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then is fader, ne lasse of myht, 75
 To holden is pore men to ryht,
 And understande good counsail,
 Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht ;
 Of gode knyhtes dark him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,
 The godness myht y never telle,
 That with kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys ; 85
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys *.

* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as apparently spurious, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
 Jesus us sende. Amen.

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very naturally englified by our honest countrymen ROUND O. The so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their WINGS and AXES: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU.—Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25. 1400. aged 72.

I. 1.

YOUR two eyn will sle me sodenly,
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eya will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene:
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.

Youre two eya, &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn ;
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased ;
 I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn :
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
 To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn,
 So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene ;
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and sey this and that,
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene ;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene :
 For ever mo * ther is non other mene.

Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

* This. MS.

IV.

THE TURNTAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

“ OR, THE WOEEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
“ OF TIBBE, THE REEV’S DAUGHTER THERE.”

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro’ the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humourous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many fine pens, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the regular*

* See [Mr. Hurd’s] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759. 2 tom, 12mo. &c.

regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the visitor leading off the prize,—and, the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the exercise of the barriers. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TURNTAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to, by the rev. Whilben Bed-well, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece intitled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bed-well, who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnamente were prohibited in that reign. “I do verily beleieve, says he, that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of K^e Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the ci^vill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our authour sayth, “It was no childrens game.” And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeaſting? Would he not, trouw you, have been HANG'D FOR IT IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE A DOGGE?” It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the former editions of this work, Bed-well's copy was transcribed here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bed-well seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was

with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396.] which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of K. Hen. VI. about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Tho. Tyrwhitt, esqr. and he has chiefly followed that more authentic Transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's Book.

OF all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde;

Of fels feyzyng folk ferly we fynde;

The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;

It were harme sych hardynes were holden byhynde,

In story as we rede

5

Of Hawkyn, of Herry,

Of Tomkyn, of Terry,

Of them that were doughty :

And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,

10

Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way :

Theder com al the men of the contray,

Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,

And all the swete swynkers.

Ther hopped Hawkyn,

15

Ther daunsed Dawkyn,

Ther trumped Tomkyn,

And all wer trewre drynkens.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,

That thay schuld reckyn ther foot and ther counts cast:

20

Perkyng.

Ver. 20. It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be counts, or
conters.

16 ANCIENT POEMS.

Perkyn the Potter into the pres past,
And sayd Randol the refe, a dozter thou hast;

Tyb the dere :

Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelery
Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.

25

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,
And sayd, Randol the refe, lo ! thys lad raves ;
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves ;
We er rycher men then he, and mor gode haves
Of cattell and corn ;

30

Then sayd Perkyn to Tybbe I have hyzt
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,
Or elles zet to morn.

35

Then sayd Randolfe the refe, Ever be he waryd,
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd :
I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,
But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd ;

40

Therfor a Turnament schal begynne

Thys day sevenyzt,—

Wyth a flayl for to fyzt :

And he', that is most of myght

Schal brouke hur wyth wynne.

45

Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,

For to wynne my dozter wylth 'doughtynesse' of dent,
Andcoppeld my brude-henne 'that'was brozt out of Kent:

And my dunnyd kowe 50

For no spens wyl I spare,

For no cattell wyl I care,

He schal have my gray mare,

And my spottyd sowe.

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede : 55
Than thay toke thayr leve, and homward thay zede ;
And all the weke 'after' thay graythed ther wede,
Tyll it come to the day, that they suld do ther dede.

'They armed them in matts ;

Thay set on ther nolys, 60

For to kepe ther pollys,

Gode blake bollys,

For batryng of bats.

Thay sowed them in schepeslynes, for thay schuld not
breft :

Ilk-on toke a blak hat, infed of a crest : 65

'A basket or a panyer before on ther breft,'

And a flayle in ther hande ; for to fyght prest,

Furth gon thay fare :

Ther was kydmekyl fors,

Who schuld best fend hys cors : 70

He that had no gode hors,

He gat hym a mare.

VOL. II.

C

Sych

Ver. 48. Dozty. MS: V. 49. We still use the phrase "a coppel-crowned ben." V. 57. afterward MS. ib. gayed. PC. V. 60. is wanting in MS, and supplied from PC. V. 70. He borrowed him. PC.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft :
Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft 75

And led 'till the gap'.

For cryeng of the men

Forther wold not Tyb then,

Tyl scho had hur brode hen

Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borrowed for the nonys,
And a garland on hur hed ful of rounde bonys,
And a bronche on hur brest ful of 'sapphyre' stony,
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the
nonys; 85

For no 'spendings' thay had spared.

When joly Gyb saw hur thare,

He gyrd so hys gray mare,

‘ That scho lete a fowkin’ fare

At the **rereward.**

go

I wowl to God, quoth Herry, I schal not lefe behynde,
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde,
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,

I wot

Ver. 76. The MS. had once sedys, i. e. seeds, which appears to have been altered to fedyrs, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has Senvy, i. e. Mustard-seed. V. 77. And led hur to cap. MS. V. 83. Bedwell's PC. has 'Ruel Boaes'. V. 84. safer stones. MS. V. 85. wrotyn, i. e. wrought. PC. reads, written. V. 86. No catel they had spared. MS. V. 89. Then . . . fancon. MS.

I wet I schall hym greve. 95

Wele sayd, quoth Hawkyn.
And I wow, quoth Dawkyn,
May I mete wylth Tomkyn,
Hys flayle I schal hym reve.

I make a vow, quoth Hud, Tyb, son schal thou se, 100
Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre:
I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;
In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,

Myn armes ar so clere:

I bere a reddyf, and a rake, 105
Poudred wylth a brenand drake,
And three cantells of a cake
In ycha cornere.

I vow to God, quoth Hawkyn, yf 'I' have the Gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute, 110
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute,
When I begin to play.

I make avowe that I ne schall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call, 115
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede;
Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,

For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede, 120
 I schall take Tyb by the hand, and her away lede:

I am armed at the full;

In myn ~~armys~~ I bere wele
 A daz trogh, and a pele,
 A fadill wythout a panell,
 Wyth a fles of woll. 125

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,
 Whyls me ys left my merth, thou gets harr not swa;
 For scho ys wele schapen, and lizt as the rae,
 Ther is no Capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga; 130
 Sche wul ne nozt begyle:

Sche wyl me bert, I dar say,
 On a lang somerys day,
 Fro Hyffylton to Hakenay,
 Nozt other half myle. 135

I make a vow, quoth Perkyn, thou speks of cold rost,
 I schal wyrch 'wyfelyer' withouten any boft:
 Five of the best capulys, that ar in thys oft,
 I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,
 And here I grant thaym Tybbe: 140

Wele boyes here ys he,
 That wyl fyet, and not fle,
 For I am in my jolyte,
 Wyth fo forth, Gybbe.

When

When they had ther vowes made, furth can they his, 145

Wyth flayles, and hornes, and trumpes mad of tre :

Ther were all the bachelerys of that centre :

Thay were dyzt in aray, as thay ~~matchies~~ wold be :

Thayr baners wer ful bryzt

Of an old rotten fell ;

150

The cheveron of a plow-mell ;

And the schadow of a bell,

‘ Quartred’ wyth the mone lyzt.

I wot yt ‘ was’ no chylder game, whan they togedyr met,

When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet, 155

And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold they let,

And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet,

And few wordys spoken ;

Ther were flayles al to flatred,

Ther were scheldys al to flatred,

160

Bollys and dysches al to schatred,

And many hedys brokyn.

There was clynkyng of cart-fadellys, & clatteryng of cannes ;

Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes ;

Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,

And yll were they besene, or they went thanns, 166

C 3

Wyth

*Ver. 146 flayles, and harnisse. P.C. V. 151. The Chiese. P.C.
V. 153. Poudres. MS. V. 154. yt. ys. MS.*

Wyth swyppynge of swepyls :

Thay were so wery for-foght,
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,
But creped about in the 'croft,'
As thay were croked crepyls.

170

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute ;
Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte :
An hors for forty pens, a gode and a stoute !
That I may lyztly come of my noye oute,

175

For no cost wyl I spare.

He styrte up as a snayle,
And hent a capul be the tayle,
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare.

180

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa :
Glad and blythe thay ware, that thay had don sa ;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha :
The Capulls were so wery, that thay myzt not ga,

But styl gon thay stond.

185

Alas ! quoth Hudde, my joye I lese ;
Mee had never then a ston of chese,
That dere Tyb had al these,
And wyft it were my fond.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang,
Among thos wery boyes he wrest and he wrang ;

He

*Ver. 168. The boyes were MS. V. 170. creped then about in the
soft. MS. V. 179. razt. MS. V. 185. stand. MS.
V. 189. fand. MS.*

He threw them doun to the erth, and thrast them amang,
When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,

And after hym ran ;

Off his horse he hym drogh, 195

And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh :

We te he ! quoth Tyb, and lugh,

Ye er a doughty man.

‘ Thus’ thay tugged, and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt :
All the wyves of Tottenham came to se that syzt 200
Wyth wypes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes, that were than trouth plyzt ;

And sum brozt gret harwos,

Ther husbandes hom to fetch,

Sum on dores, and sum on hech, 205

Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,

And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about, ‘ on’ everych syde,
And grant hym ther ‘ the gre,’ the more was hys pryde :
Tyb and he, wyth gret ‘ mirth,’ homward con thay ryde,
And were al nyzt togedyr, tyl the morn tyde ; 211

And thay ‘ to church went :’

So wele hys nedys he has sped,

That dere Tyb he ‘ hath’ wed ;

The prayse-folk, that hur led, 215

Were of the Turnament.

Ver. 199. Thys. MS. V. 204. hom for to fetch. MS. V. 208.
about everych syde. MS. V. 209. the gre, is wanting in MS. V. 210.
spathe. MS. V. 212. And thay ifere assent. MS. V. 214. had
wed. MS. V. 215. The cheefemen. PG.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones ;
 Some come hyphalte, and some trippand 'thither' on the
 stony ;
 Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys ;
 Of sum were the hedes broken, of some the schulder
 banys : 220

With sorrow com thay thedyr.

Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
 Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
 And so was all the bachelary,
 When thay met togedyr. 221

* At that feast were they served in rich aray,
 Every fyve & fyve had a cokeney ;
 And so thay sat in jollity all the long day ;
 Tyb at night, I trowe, had a simble aray :

Mickle mirth was them among ; 230
 In every corner of the house
 Was melody delicious,
 For to here precious
 Of six mens song †.

V. FOR

Ver. 218. trippand on. MS.

* The last stanza is not in MS. but given from Bedwell's copy.

† Six-men's song, i. e. a song for six voices. So Shakespeare uses Three-man song-men, in his *Winter's Tale*, A. 3. sc. 3. to denote men that could sing Catches composed for three Voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, Book II. Song 9. So again Shakesp. has Three-men Beetle ; i. e. a Beetle or Rammer worked by three men, 2 Hen. 4. A. 1. Sc. 3.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following boymly Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

O WRE kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry ;
The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
Wherfore Englonde may calle, and cry

5 *Deo gratias :*

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray ;
That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

10

Deo gratias, &c.

Then

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste ;
 He spared ' for' drede of leste, ne most,
 Tyl he come to Agincourt cōste. 15

Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty 20
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
 And some were ledde in to Lundone
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone. 25

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynghe,
 That we with merth mowe safely synghe 30

Deo gratias :

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's *HENRY AND EMMA*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the *PROLUSIONS* 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's *Chronicle*, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the Copy in the *Prolusions* the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book * preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the *Prolusions* will shew where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The Ballad of the *NUTBROWNE MAYD* was first revived in "The Muses Mercury for June, 1707." 4to. being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry :" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons, which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned *WANLEY*, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to *Wanley*,

* This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75. In this 3d Edit. the poem has been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus 'Mr. W.'

Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No 3777.] The Editor of the *Prolusions* thinks, it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas More's tale of **THE SERJEANT**, &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhytmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography, it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhytmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,

“ Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
 “ That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please ;
 “ And Mary his mother, that maketh this world ;
 “ And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven ;
 “ I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
 “ That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble ;
 “ Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the *Prolusions*: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

B E it ryght, or wrong, these men among
 On women dō complayne* ;
 Affyrmyngē this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them wele ; for never a dele 5
 They love a man agayne :
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr first true lover than 10
 Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.

I say nat nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd
 That womans faith is, as who sayth, 15
 All utterly decayd ;
 But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continue :
 Recorde the not-browne mayde : 20
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone. 25
Than

* My friend Mr. Farmer proposes to read the first lines thus as a *Linea* :
Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,

On women to complayne.

*Ver. 2. Woman, *Proclamations*, and Mr. W^{es}l's copy. Ver. 11. her-
 i. e. their.*

Than betwaine us late us dyscuſe 25
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two : we wyll also
 Tell all the Payne, and fere,
 That she was in. 'Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me anſw're ;
 Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be
 I pray you, gyve an ere.
 " I am the knyght ; I come by nyght,
 As ſecret as I can ;
 Sayinge, Alas ! thus ſtandeth the caſe,
 I am a banyfhed man." 35

SHE.

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse ;
 Truſtyng to ſhewe, in wordes fewe,
 That men have an yll use 40
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And cauſelesſe them accufe :
 Therfore to you I anſw're nowe,
 All women to excuse, —
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ? 45
 I pray you, tell anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H_E.

It standeth so; a dede is do
Wheroft grete harme shall growe: 50

My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to fle: the one must be;
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man. 60

S_HE.

O lord, what is this worldys blyffe,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell; Nay, nay, 65
We départ nat so sone:
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to forrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone; 70
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

H_E.

32 ANCIENT POEMS.

H E.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aflare; and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As bartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.

75

80

90

H E.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde:
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.

85

95

Ver. 91. Shall it never. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 94. Althought.
Mr. W.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 33

H E.

Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say :
 Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away ; 100
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
 In grene wode you to play ;
 And that ye myght from your delÿght
 No lenger make delay :
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me 105
 Be called an yll womān,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Though it be sōnge of old and yonge,
 That I sholde be to blame, 110
 Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name :
 For I wyll prove, that faythfull love
 It is devoyd of shame ;
 In your dystresse, and hevynessē, 115
 To part with you, the same ;
 And sure all tho, that do not so,
 True lovers are they none :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 120

VOL. II.

D

H E.

H E.

I cunceyle you, remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe :
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe ;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :
 Yet had I lever than, 130
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyfhed man.

S H E.

I thinke nat nay, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore :
 But love may make me for your sake, 135
 As I have sayd before
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in store ;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more : 140
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 133. I say nat, *Prol.* and *Mr. W.*
Camb. copy.

Ver. 138. and store.

H E.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145
 That men hym take and bynde ;
 Without pyte, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
 What rescous coude ye fynde ?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :
 And no mervayle : for lytell avayle
 Were in your cunceyle than :
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wede go, 155
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght : 160
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save ; as women have 165
 From deth 'men' many one :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

D 2

H E.

Ver. 150. focours. Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 162. and night.
 Camb. Copy. Ver. 164. to helpe ye with my myght. Prol. and
 Mr. W.

36 ANCIENT POEMS.

H E.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170
 The thornie wayes, the depe valies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne ;
 And, us above, none other rose 175
 But a brake bush, or twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 180

S H E.

Syth I have here bene partynere
 With you of joy and blyffe,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is :
 Yet am I sure of one plesure ; 185
 And, shortely, it is this :
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat fare amyffe.
 Without more speche, I you beseeche
 That we were sone agone ; 190
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 172. frost and rayne. Mr. W. Ver. 174. Ye must. Prel.
 Ver. 190. shortely gone. Prel. and Mr. W.

H E.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne,
 Ne shetés clene, to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twyne ;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne.

195

200

O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
 Sholde make you pale and wan ;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man,

S H E.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archere,
 As men say that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plentè :
 And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full swete to me ;
 With which in hele I shall ryght wéle
 Endure, as ye shall see :
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

205

210

215

D 3

H E.

Ver. 196. Neyther bere. *Prol.* and *Mr. W.* Ver. 201. Lo myn.
Mr. W. Ver. 207. May ye bat fayle. *Prol.* *ib.* May nat fayle. *Mr. W.*

H E.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me :
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne ; 220
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
 Do it shortly as ye can ; 225
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede ; 230
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede :
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue,
 Where fortune doth me lede. 235
 All this make ye : Now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 240

H E.

*Ver. 219. above your ere. Prol. Ver. 220. above the kne.
 Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 223. the same, Prol. and Mr. W.*

H E.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,

And I shall tell ye why, —

Your appetyght is to be lyght

Of love, I wele espy :

For, lyke as ye have fayed to me,

In lyke wyse hardely

Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,

In way of company.

It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;

And so is a womān.

Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

245

250

255

260

D 4

H E.

Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go. *Pres. and Mr. W.*
Ver. 253. yet is. Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. Ver. 262. dy

with him. *Editor's MS.*

* i. e. for this cause ; tho' I were to die for having loved you.

H E.

A barons chylde to be begylde !

265

It were a cursed dede ;

To be felawe with an outlawe !

Almighty God forbede !

Yet beter were, the pore squyere

Alone to forest yede,

270

Than ye sholde say another day,

That, by my cursed dede,

Ye were betray'd : Wherfore, good mayd,

The best rede that I can,

Is, that I to the grene wode go,

275

Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Whatever befall, I never shall

Of this thyng you upbrayd :

But yf ye go, and leve me so,

Than have ye me betrayd.

280

Remember you wele, howe that ye dele ;

For, yf ye, as ye sayd,

Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,

Your love, the not-browne mayd,

Trust me truly, that I shall dy

285

Sone after ye be gone ;

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 278. outbrayd. *Preſ. and Mr. W.* Ver. 282. ye be as. *Preſ. and Mr. W.* Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. *Preſ. and Mr. W.*

H E.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;
 For in the forest nowe 290
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you ;
 Another fayrre, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe ;
 And of you bothe echē sholdē be wrothe 295
 With other, as I trowe :
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pese ;
 So wyll I, yf I can ;
 Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 300

S H E.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your :
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
 And courteys every hour ;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power :
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 ' Of them I wolde be one ;' 310
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
 Yet wolde I be that one.

HE.

Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true;
 Of mayde, and wyfē, in all my lyfe, 315
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewē: 320
 Be nat dismayed; whatsover I sayd
 To you, whan I began;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyfshed man.

HE.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
 But it is often fene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordēs on the splene. 330
 Ye shape somē wyle me to begyle,
 And stèle from me, I wene:
 Than, were the case worſe than it was,
 And I more wo-begone:
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 315. of all, Proh. and Mr. W. *Ver. 325. gladder. Proh. and Mr. W.*

HE.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;
 I wyll nat dysparage
 You, (God defend !) fyth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynage. 349

Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a ryng,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
 As shorطely as I can :
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyfished man."

AUTHOR.

" Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable : 350
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355
 Yf they be charytable.
 For fyth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Moche more ryght they to God obey.
 And servę but hym alone. 360

VII. A

Ver. 340. grete lynyage. *Prol. and Mr. W.* Ver. 347. Then have.
Prol. Ver. 348. And no banyfished. *Prol. and Mr. W.* V. 352.
This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. Ver. 355. proved—loved.
Prol. and Mr. W. *Ib.* as loveth. *Camb.* V. 357. Forsooth. *Prol. and Mr. W.*

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catal. of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

The verses are preserved by ROUSE a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: *Sum what musyng, &c.* "Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721. pag. 555. beginning thus,

" Alone walkyng, in thought plainyng,
 " And sore fighyng, All desolate,
 " My remembryng Of my livyng,
 " My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.

 " Infortunate Is so my fate
 " That wote ye what, Out of mesure
 " My life I hate; Thus desperate
 " In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUM.

SUMWHAT musyng, and more mornyng,
 In remembryng the unstydfastnes ;
 This world being of such whelyng,
 Me contrarieng, what may I gesse ?

I fere dowtles, remediles,
 Is now to fese my wofull chaunce.
 Lo 'is' this traunce now in substaunce,
 * * * * * such is my dawnce.

Wyllng to dye, me thynkys truly
 Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content : 10
 Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
 All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune !
 But I ne went thus to be shent,
 But sho hit ment, such is hur won.

5

15

Ver. 7. in this. *Roffi Hiff.*

Ver. 15. went, i. e. weened.

VIII.

CUPID's ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

The Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' nearly contemporaries; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir NICHOLAS (afterwards Lord) VAUX, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poefie, 1589. 4to." a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfeit Action] the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. WHEN CUPID SCALED, &c." p. 206.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
Wherin my hart lay wounded sore;
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,
How he is banner did display:
Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

5

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10
 In silver and sable to declare
 The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
 In colours like to white and blacke,
 With powder and with pelletes prest 15
 To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
 For spence of pouder he spared not
 Assaullt! assaullt! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore ;
 Eche pece discharged a lovers loke ;
 Which had the power to rent, and tore
 In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne 25
 The scaling ladders were up set,
 And Beautie walked up and downe,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet,

Then first Desire began to scale,
 And shrouded him under 'his' targe ; 30
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then

Ver. 30. so Ed. 1585. her. Ed. 1557.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
 And halberders with handy strokes ;
 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

35

And, as it is the souldiers use
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded for my lives grant.

40

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
 And Beauty entred with her band,
 With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,
 And every souldier to retire,
 And Mercy wyll'd with sped to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

45

Madame, quoth I, fith that this day
 Hath served you at all assayes,
 I yeld to you without delay
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

50

And fith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye ;
 Nedea must you with your handy warke
 Or salve my sore, or let me die.

55

* * SINCE

“ SINCE the foregoing Song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX the poet, was not the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir THOMAS WYAT, and the E. of SURREY, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his “ *Art of English Poesie, 1589.*” in p. 48. having named SKELTON, adds, “ *In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir THOMAS WYAT is the elder, and Henry Earl of SURREY were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . In the SAME TIME, or NOT LONG AFTER was the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings †.*” —Webbe in his Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586. ranges them in the following order, “ *The E. of Surrey, the Lord VAUX, Norton, Bristow.*” And Gascoigne in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work, [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord VAUX after Surrey.—Again, the stile and measure of Lord VAUX’s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes:—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, I lothe that I did love, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, “ *A dytyme or sonet made by the Lord VAUS, in the time of the noble Queene Marye, representing the image of Death.*” Harl. MSS. No. 1703. §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry viij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale’s Baronage, the former was named THOMAS, and the latter WILLIAM: but this

† in e. *Compositions in English.*

difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux †, except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

THOMAS Lord VAUX of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died, does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son,

WILLIAM was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. 2. p. 304.—Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord THOMAS was the POET.

† In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS., with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of 3 or 4 stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunbilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
Her deere worshippe to betraye;

Our queene she was a good woman,
And evermore sayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,

Till traitorous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyre to have her breast.

There came a lazare to the kings gate,
A lazare both blinde and lame :
He took the lazare upon his backe,
And on the queenes bed him layne.

“ Lye still, lazare, wheras thou lyest,

“ Looke thou go not hence away ;

“ Ile make thee a whole man and a sound

“ In two howeres of the day *.”

Then went him forth sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king :

“ If I might have grace, as I have space,
“ Sad tydings I could bring,”

Saye on, saye on, sir Aldingar,
Saye on the soothe to mee.

“ Our queene hath chosen a new new love,
“ And shee will have none of thes.

* He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power
of touching for the King's Evil.

“ If shee had chosen a right good knyght,
 “ The lesse had beene her shame ;
 “ But she hath chose her a lazare man,
 “ A lazare both blinde and lame.”

30

If this be true, sir Aldingar,
 The tydings thou tellest to me,
 Then I will make thee a riche riche knight, 35
 Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, sir Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee !
 Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree. 40

He brought our king to the queenes chamber,
 And opead to him the dore.
 A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
 For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou wert a man, as thou art none, 45
 Here on my sword thouft dye ;
 But a payre of new gallowes shall now be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyse,
 And an angry man was hee ;
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee. 50

Now

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 53

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see ;
 Heere you have chosen a newe newe love, 55
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
 The leſſe had been your shame :
 But you have chose you a lazare man,
 A lazare both blinde and lame. 60

Therfore a fyre there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou bee.—
 “ Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
 Sir Aldingar’s false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene, 65
 My heart with griefe will braft,
 I had thought swevens had never beene true ;
 I have proved them true at laſt.

I dreamt a sweven on thursday eve,
 In my bed wheras I laye, 70
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
 Had carried my crowne awaye ;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
 And all my faire head-geere :
 And he wolde worrye me with his tuſh 75
 And to his nest y-beare :

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
 That dead he downe did fall.——

80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wolde I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing I me able noe battell to make,
 My liege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
 To maintaine me in my right."

85

" Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therin :
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
 Thy bodye it must brenn."

90

Then shée sent east, and shée sent west,
 By north and south bedeene :
 But never a champion colde she find,
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

95

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had ;
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene
 And aye her hart was sad.

100

Then

Then came one of the queenes damsilles,
And kælt upon her knee,
" Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avewe,

105

And with the safe me binde ;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde."

Then forth she rode on a faire palfraye

110

Oer hill and dale about :

But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,

When our good queene must dye ;

All woe-begone was that faire damselle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damselle,

And the salt teares fell from her eye :

When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,

She met with a tinye boye.

115

120

A tinye boye she mette, God wot,

All clad in mantle of golde ;

He seemed noe more in mans likenesse,

Then a childe of four yeere olde.

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd,
And what doth cause you moane?
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

125

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
And greeete thy queene from mee :
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Now helpe enoughe may bee.

130

Bid her remember what she dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee laye ;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

135

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes :
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.

140

Back then rode that faire damselle,
And her hart it lept for glee :
And when she told her gracious dame
A gladd woman was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nyne :
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

145

And

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;

And a stake was made of tree ;

And now queene Elinore forth was led,

A sorrowful sight to see.

150

Three times the herald he waved his hand,

And three times spake on hye :

Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155

Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,

No helpe appeared nye :

And now the fyer was lighted up,

Queen Elinore she must dye.

160

And now the fyer was lighted up,

As hot as hot might bee ;

When riding upon a little white steed,

The tinye boy they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165

And loose our comelye queene :

I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,

And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,

But when he saw the chylde,

170

He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,

And weened he had been beguylded.

Now

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
 And eyther fighthe or flee ;
 I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
 Thoughe I am so small to see.

175

The boye pulid forth a well good sworde
 So gilt it dazzled the ee ;
 The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
 Smote off his leggs by the knee.

180

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitore,
 And fight upon thy feete,
 For and thou thrivest, as thou beginnest,
 Of height wee shal be meete.

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 While I am a man alive.

185

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
 Me for to houzle and shrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene,
 Bot shée wolde never consent ;
 Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
 In a fyre to have her brent.

190

There came a lazare to the kings gates,
 A lazare both blinde and lame :
 I tooke the lazare upon my backe,
 And on her bedd him layne.

195 -

Then

Then ranne I to our comlye king,

These tidings sore to tell.

But ever alacke ! sayes Aldingar,

Falsing never dōth well.

208

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,

The short time I must live.

Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,

As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harry'e,

205

And love her as thy life,

For never had a king in Christentye,

A truer and fairer wife.

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,

And loosed her full sone :

210

Then turnd to look for the tnye boye ;

—The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazар man,

And stroakt him with his hand :

The lazар under the gallowes tree

215

All whole and founde did stand.

The lazар under the gallowes tree

Was comelye, straight and tall ;

King Henrye made him his head steward'e

To wayte withinn his hall.

220

X. THE

X.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition assures us that the author of this song was K. JAMES V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise†, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of THE GABERLUNZIE MAN; and in another intitled THE JOLLY BEGGAR, beginning thus,

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.

Fa, la, la, &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated Ballad of CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, which is ascribed to K. James I. in Bannatyne's MS, written in 1568: And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this Book is of opinion that Bp. Tanner was right.

K. JAMES V. died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

† sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry near Edinburgh. * Vol. 2. p. 203.

THE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
 Will ze lodge a silly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down azont the ingle he sat ;
 My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and fang.

O wow ! quo he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I bee !

And I wad nevir think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twe togither were say'n.,

And O ! quo he, ann ze were as black,
 As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,

And awa wi' me thou sould gang.
 And O ! quoth she, ann I were as white,
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
 Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,

And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wyliely they shot the lock,

5

10

15

20

25

And

And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claiths,
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes
 To speir for the silly poor man. 30

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
 'The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cryd, dulefu' day ! 35

For some of our geir will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She dancid her lane, cryd, praise be blest,
 I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
 The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.

The servant gaed where the dochter lay. 45
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haft ze, find these traitors agen ;
 For shees be burnt, and hees be slain. 50

The

The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit ;
 She could na gang, nor yet could she fit,
 But ay did curse and did ban.

55

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
 Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,

Cut frae a new cheese a whang.

60

The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
 My wiasome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,

65

Illfardly wad she crook her mou,

Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,

Aftir the gaberlunzie-mou.

My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge ;

And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,

70

To follow me frae toun to toun,

And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,

And spindles and whorles for them wha need,

Whilk is a gentil trade indeed

75

The

The gaberlunzie to carrie---o.
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,
 A criples or blind they will cau me :
 While we fall sing and be merrie--o.

80

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower, June 11. 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28. following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. — The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called TROLLE ON AWAY." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
 Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

BOTH

BO TH man and chylde is glad to here tell
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away.

When fo^{ft}yne lokyd the in thy face,
 Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace ; 5
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace.

Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyf,
 Thou leckydyst them vp where no man wyt,
 Tyll in the kynges treasureure suche thinges were myf.

Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10
 Thy marchaundysse sayled over the sandes,
 Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kyng Henry, God faue his grace !
 Perceyud myschef kyndlyd in thy face,
 Then it was tyme to purchase the a place. 15

Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys ferayture ;
 But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.

Synge, &c.

66 ANCIENT POEMS.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke, 20
For thou haft bene so long a fcsymatyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe thefe thre ;
But euer was full of iniquite :
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.

Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke ;
Wherfore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.

Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles ;
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules, 30

Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldest never to vertue apply,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.

Synge, &c.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 67

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou walde not lose ;
 Wherfore al Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke 40
 Upon thy grefy fullers stocke ;
 Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet sauе that soule, that God hath bought,
 And for thy carcas care thou nought,
 Let it suffre Payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God sauē kyng Henry with all his power,
 And prynce Edwarde that goodly flowre,
 With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on awaye.
 Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

Ver. 40. Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a Blacksmith at Putney : but the author of this Ballad would insinuate that either he himself or some of his ancestors were Fullers by trade.

*** The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on thro' a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord CROMWELL. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. Q. Mary. Q. Eliz. K. James I. &c.

XII.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUTOOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh, as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

5

But

† First published in 1579.

But Phylida was all to toye,
 For Harpalus to waine :
 For Corin was her onely joye,
 Who forst her not a pinne.

10

How often would the floweris twine ?
 How often garlandes make
 Of coulips and of columbine ?
 And al for Corin's sake.

15

But Corin, he had hastes to late,
 And forced more the field :
 Of loveris lawe he toke no ture ;
 For once he was begilde.

20

Harpalus prevailed nought,
 His labour all was lost ;
 For he was fardest from her thought,
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
 And drye as clot of clay :
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane ;
 His colour gone away.

25

His beard it had not long be shave ;
 His heare hong all unkempt :
 A man most fit even for the grave,
 Whom spitefull love had shent.

30

70 A N C I E N T P O E M S.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';
 His face besprent with teares :
 It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht',
 In maidis of his dispaires. 35

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ;
 As one forlorne was he ;
 Upon his head alwayes he ware
 A wreath of wyllow tree. 49

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
 And he fate in the dale ;
 And thus with fighes and sorrowes shril,
 He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus ! thus would he say ;
 Unhappiest under sunne !
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 By love was first begunne. 45

For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
 A tigre to make tame,
 That settes not by thy love a lekke ;
 But makes thy grieve her game. 50

As easy it were for to convert
 The frost into 'a' flame ;
 As for to turne a frowarde hert,
 Whom thou so faine wouldest frame. 55

Corin

Ver. 33. &c. The Corrections are from Ed. 1574.

Corin he liveth carelesse :
 He leapes among the leaves :
 He eates the frutes of thy redresse :
 Thou 'reapst', he takes the sheaves. 60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,
 And haikē your herdmans sounde :
 Whom spitefull love, alas ! hath slaine,
 Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde, 65
 That here your pasture takes :
 I se that ye be not begilde
 Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde :
 The bucke harde by the doe : 70
 The turtle dove is not unkinde
 To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme :
 The yong cowe hath the bulle :
 The calfe with many a lusty lambe
 Do fede their hunger full. 75

But, wel-a-way ! that nature wrought
 Thee, Phylida, so faire :
 For I may say that I have bought
 Thy beauty all to deare. 80

What reason is that crueltie
 With beautie should have part?
 Or els that such great tyranny
 Should dwell in womans hart?

I see therefore to shape my death 85
 She cruelly is preft ;
 To th'ende that I may want my breath :
 My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine eares ; 90
 That she may feele within her breſt
 The paines of my dispaires :

Of Corin 'who' is carèfesse,
 That she may crave her fee :
 As I have done in grēat distrefſe, 95
 That loved her faithfully.

But ſince that I ſhal die her ſlave ;
 Her ſlave, and eke her thrall :
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
 This chaunce that is befall. 100

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
 “ By cruell love now ſtaine :
 “ Whom Phyſida unjuſtly thus,
 “ Hath murdred with diſdaine.”

XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply, as it stands in the old editions: whereas this, which follows, has been revised and amended throughout by ALLAN RAMSEY, from whose EVER-GREEN, Vol. I, it is here chiefly printed. The curious Reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1588. Edinb. 1770. 12mo." Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for this Poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him, besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

"In Dumferling, be [Death] bath tane Broun,
"With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed some little farther insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister ROBERT HENRISOUN, SCOLMAISTER of Dumfermling, 1571." Harleian MSS. 3865. § 1.

In Ramsay's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intitled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS. Some other of his Poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems" printed from Bannatyne's MS. above referred to."

ROBIN

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,
 Keipand a flock of fie,
 Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
 “ O Robin rew on me
 “ I haif thee luivt baith loud and still, 5
 “ Thir towmounds twa or thre :
 “ My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
 “ Doubtless but dreid Ill die.

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
 Naithing of lufe I knew, 10
 But keip my sheip undir yon wod :
 Lo quhair they raik on raw.
 Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
 Thou Makyne to me schaw ;
 Or quhat is lufe, or to be lude ? 15
 Fain wald I leir that law.

“ The law of lufe gin thou wald leir,
 “ Tak thair an A, B, C ;
 “ Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 “ Wyse, hardy, kind and frie, 20
 “ Sae that nae danger do the deir,
 “ Quhat dule in dern thou drie ;
 “ Pres ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
 “ Be patient and privie.”

Robin,

Ver. 19. Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, heynd, not, keynd, as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. Ver. 21. So that no danger. Bannatyne's MS.

Robin, he answert her againe, 25
 I wat not quhat is lufe;
 But I haif marvel in certaine
 Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.
 The wedder is fair, and I am fain;
 My sheep gais hail abuve; 30
 And we sould pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 “ And wirk all as I reid;
 “ And thou fall haif my heart all hale, 35
 “ Eik and my maiden-heid:
 “ Sen God, he sendis bute for bale,
 “ And for murning remeid,
 “ I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
 “ Doubtless I am but deid.” 40

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir;
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45
 Frae thay begin to steir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
 “ I lufe bot thee alone.” 50
 Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.

“ Robin,

“ Robin, in dale I am so drest,

“ That luve will be my bane.”

Makyn, gae luve quhair-eir ye list,

55

For lemah I luid nane.

“ Robin, I stand in sic a stile,

“ I sicht and that full fair.”

Makyne, I have bene here this quyle;

At hame I wish I were.

60

“ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,

“ Gif thou will do nae mair.”

Makyne, som other man beguyle,

For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,

65

As light as leif on tree;

But Makyne murnt and made lament,

Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the bent:

Then Makyne cried on hie,

70

“ Now may thou sing, for I am shent!

“ Quhat ails luve at me?”

Makyne went hame withouten fail,

And weiryliè could weip;

Then Robin in a full fair dale

75

Assemblit all his sheip:

Be that somé part of Makyne's ail,

Out-throw his heart could creip,

Hir fast hé followt to assaile,

And till her tuké gudé kíip.

80

Abyd,

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my luve, it fall be thyne,
 Withouten departing.
 All hale thy heart for till have myne, 85
 Is all my coveting ;
 My sheip to morn quhyle houris nyne,
 Will need of nae keiping.

“ Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
 “ In gests and storys auld, 90
 “ The man that will not when he may,
 “ Sall have nocht when he wald.
 “ I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
 “ Be eiked their cares fae cauld,
 “ That presses first with thes to play 95
 “ Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wether warm and fair,
 And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
 To walk attowre all where : 100
 There may nae janglers us espy,
 That is in luve contrair ;
 Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repair.

“ Robin,

V. 99. *Bannatyne's MS.* has woid, not woud, as in Ed. 1770.

“ Robin, that wvard is now away,
 “ And quyt brocht till an end.
 “ And nevir again thereto perfay,
 “ Sall it be as thou wend ;
 “ For of my pain thou made but play,
 “ I words in vain did spend ;
 “ As thou haft done, sae fall I say,
 “ Murn on, I think to mend.”

105

110

115

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
 My heart on thee is set ;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil,
 Quhyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feill,
 Quhat grace so eir I get.
 “ Robin, with thee I will not deill ;
 “ Adieu, for this we met.”

120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
 Outowre the holtis hair ;
 Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh ;
 Scho sang, and he ficht fair :
 And so left him bayth wo and wreuch,
 In dolor and in care,
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,
 Amang the rushy gair.

125

XIV. GENTLE

N. 117. Bannatyne's MS. reads as above feill, not fail, as in Ed. 1770.

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the *VIRGO PARATHALASSIA*, in his colloquy, intitled, *PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO*. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to *OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM**. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italicks.

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

" Unto

* See at the End of this Poem, p. 83. an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

80 ANCIENT POEMS.

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham
“ The way is hard for to be gone ;
“ And verry crooked are those pathes
“ For you to find out all alone.”

5

Were the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

10

“ Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
“ Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
“ Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
“ For to committ so great a sinne.”

15

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldst thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have weil deserved for to dye.

20

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes, and sexe doe differ farr :
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill :
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

25

6

He

*He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderlye bee loved mee.*

30

*When thus I saw be loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thoughest scorne of such a youth as hee.*

35

* And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As womens lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unless I willed him soe to doe.

40

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hoo dyed without releeffe.

And

* Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. GOLDSMITH, in his charming Ballad of EDWIN AND EMMA; the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

* And still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

* Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where be dy'd.

And for his sake these weedes I weare,
 And sacrifice my tender age ;
 And every day Ie begg my bread,
 To undergoe this pilgrimage.

45

Thus every day I fast and praye,
 And ever will doe till I dye ;
 And gett me to some secrett place,
 For soe did hee, and so will I.

50

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray ;
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Show me the right and readye way.

55

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
 “ For he must ever guide thee still :
 “ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
 “ And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well ! ” 60

*But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay ;
 I'll seek the solitude be sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.*

*And there forlorn despairing bid,
 I'll lay me down and die :
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did
 And so for him will I.*

• * * To shew what constant tribute was paid to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM, I shall give a few extracts from the ancient MS. of the “ Establishement of the House-

"bold of Henry V. Earl of Northumberland." (Kid. Vol. I. p. 367.)

Sect. XLIV.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to sende afore Michaelmas for his Lordship's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngebam. iiiij d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith and accustomyth to send yerely for the upholdinge of the Light of Wax which his Lordship fyndeth birnyng yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngebam, conteyninge vj lb. of Wax in it, after vj d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenant maid with the Chanon by great, for the hole yere, for the findinge of the said Lyght byrnyng, vi s. viij d.

ITEM, My Lord useth and accustometh to send yerely to the Chanon that kepit the Light before our Lady of Walsyngebam, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepyng of the said Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes dayly thborowt the yere, xij d.

ITEM, My Lord useth and accustomyth yerely to sende to the Prest that kepit the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thborout the yere, iiij s. iiiij d.

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it, as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called ACYRON, i. e. "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talkes with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was

“afraide he shold be punished for it, [and] said thus, with
“a certaine rude repentance,

“I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,
“for [I feare me] I shall be hanged ; whereat the king
“laughed a good *, not only to see the Tanner’s waine
“feare, but also to beare his illshapen terme ; and gave
“him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of
“Plumpton-parke. I AM AFRAID,” concludes this sagaci-
ous writer, “THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE
“MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME
“TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD,” p. 214.—The
phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at pre-
sent, but occurs with some variation in an older poem, in-
titled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the following volume,
(see the Preface to THE KING AND THE MILLER), viz.

“Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
“And Edward wer in this place,
“He shold not touch this tonne :
“He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
“Thereffore I besprewe the soupe,
“That in his mouth shold come.” Pt. 2. st. 24.

The following text is selected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intitled, “A mer-
“rie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward
“the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed
“at London, by John Danter, 1596.” This copy, ancient
as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered
at the time it was published ; but many vestiges of the more
ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though
more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in
the Pepys collection.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With

* Vid. Gloss.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5
 With horne, and eke with bowe ;
 To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day, 10
 When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
 Come ryding along the waye,

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide,
 And a mare of four shilling *. 15

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the grene wood spraye ;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will faye. 20

* In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torbroke, in her will dated March 7. A.D. 1466 ; among many other bequests has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torbroke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an borse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's borse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.

Thou art welcome, sir, sayd hee.

“ The readiest waye to Drayton Basset

I praye thee to shewe to mee.”

“ To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,

Fro the place where thou dost stand?

The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,

Turne in upon thy right hand.”

25

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king.

Thou doest but jest I see:

30

Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,

And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner:

I hold thee out of thy witt:

All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare,

And I am failing yett.

35

“ Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,

No daynties we will spare;

All daye shalt thou eat and drinke of the best,

And I will paye thy fare.”

40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,

Thou payest no fare of mine:

I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,

Than thou hast pence in thine.

God

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45
 And send them well to prieſe.

The tanner wolde faine have beone away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee sayde, thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare, 50
 For the cloathes, thou weareſt upon thy backe,
 Might beſeme a lord to weare.

I never ſtole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, fir, by the roode.
 " Then thou playeft, as many an unthrift doth, 55
 And ſtandest in midſe of thy goode ? "

What tydinges heare you, ſayd the kyng,
 As you ryde farr and neare ?
 " I heare no tydinges, fir, by the moſe,
 But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

" Cowe-hides ! cowe-hides ! what thinges are thoe ?
 I marvell what they bee ? "

What art thou a fool ? the tanner replyd,
 I carry one under me.

What craftsman art thou, ſaid the king, 65
 I praye thee tell me troue.
 " I am a barkdriller, fir, by my ſtore,
 Nowe tell me what art thou ? "

† i. e. baſt no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.
 † i. e. a dealer in Bark.

I am a poore courtier, sir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne ;
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

70

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were :
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold wipne 75
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange ;
 Thoughe my hōrse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change.

80

“ Why if with me thou faine wile change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
 I will have some boote of thee.”

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85
 I sweare, so mote I thee :
 My hōrse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare : 90
 Thy hōrse is unrulyo and wild, I wiss ;
 Aye skipping here and theare.”

What

What boote wilt thou have ? our king reply'd ;
Now tell me in this stound.

" Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye, 95
But a noble in gold so round."

" Here's twentye groates of white moneye,
Sith thou will have it of mee."

I would have sworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadst not had one pennie. 100

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, sayd the kynge, 105
I sweare, so mote I thee ;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt ;
And threwe it upon the king's sadelle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte. 110

" Now help me up, thou fine fellowe,
'Tis time that I were gone :
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife, 115
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge ;
 The tanner a f * * lett fall.

Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
 Thy courtesye is but small.

120

When the tanner he was in the kinges saddle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was ;
 He maruelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or bras.

Bat when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
 And eke the blacke cowe-horne ;
 He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pullid, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast : 130
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe ;
 His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with a vengance, he sayd,
 With mee he shal not byde.
 " My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135
 But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

Yet if againe thou faire woldst change,
 As change full swell may see,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
 I will have some boote of thee." 140

What

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
 Nowe tell me in this stotande ?
 " Noe pence nor halspence, sir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound."

" Here's twentye groates out of my purse; 145
 And twentye I have of thine :
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his monthe,
 And blew both loude and shrille : 150
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, owt alas ! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I sawe this daye !
 Thou art a strong thiese, yon come thy fellowes 155
 Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are nob thieves, the king replyde,
 I sweare, see mote I thee :
 But they are the lords of the north countray,
 Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And foone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the grounde :
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounde.

A caller,

A coller, a coller *, here : sayd the king, 165

A coller he loud did crye :

Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,

He had not beene so nigh.

A coller, a coller, the tanner he sayd,

I trowe it will breed forrowe : 170

After a coller comes a halter,

And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

" Awaye with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,

For the sport thou haft shewn to me,

I wote noe halter thou shalt weare, 175

But thou shalt have a knight's fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,

With tenements faire beside :

" Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,

To maintaine thy good cowe-hide." 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,

For the favour thou haft me showne ;

If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,

Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

* A collar was, I believe, anciently used in the ceremony of conferring knighthood. Or perhaps the King used the French word Acoller, signifying to give the Acolade, or blow that was to dub him a knight. This the Tanner ignorantly mistakes for A collar.

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

The scene of this song is the same, as in Num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

As I went to Walsingham,
 To the shrine with speede,
 Met I with a jolly palmer
 In a pilgrimes weede.
 Now God you save, you jolly palmer!
 " Welcome, lady gay,
 " Oft have I sued to thee for love."
 —Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knt. of the burning pestle," Act 2. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to, 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Spenstone as corrected by him from an ancient MS, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We

* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Piers Plowman*, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
 Wente to Walsingham, and her ¶ wenches after.

¶ i. e. their.

*We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN, &c.
thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must
have been written, if not before the dissolution of the mo-
nasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in
the minds of the people.*

A S ye came from the holy land
Of 'blessed' Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

" How should I know your true love,
" That have met many a one,
" As I came from the holy land,
" That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white*, nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

" Such an one did I meet, good sir,
" With an angelike face;
" Who like a nymph, a queene appeard
" Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

* sc. pale.

" What

“ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
 “ And a new way doth take,
 “ That some time loved thee as her life,
 “ And thee her joy did make ? ”

I that loved her all my youth, 25
 Growe old now as you see ;
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe, 30
 Forgetting promise past :
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list ;
 His faith is never fast.

His ‘ fond’ desire is fickle found,
 And yieldes a truslesse joye ;
 Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35
 And lost ev’n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankind,
 Or Loves faire name abuside,
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,
 And follyes are excusde. 40

“ But true love is a lasting fire,
 “ Which viewless vestals † tend,
 “ That burnes for ever in the soule,
 “ And knowes nor change, nor end.”

† sc. Angels.

XVII.

HARDYKNUTE.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are of modern date; and that these at least (if not its whole existence) have flowered from the pen of a lady, within this present century. The following particulars may be depended on. One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket of Pitferran in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with general Braddock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last beginning with "Loud and schrill," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720.—This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning, and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1733, 2 vols.

8vo.

800. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy ; before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was beard of.

Stately slept he east the wa,
And stately slept he west,
Full sevnty zeirs he now had sene,
With skers sevin zeirs of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae : 5
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a bill his castle stude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to se, 10
Qahair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
For chast and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif Elenor the quene. 15

Full thirtein sons to him scho bare,
All men of valour stout ;
In bludy ficht with sword in hand
Nyne left their lives bot doubt : 20
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land ;
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,

25

Their sister saft and deir,

Her girdle shawd her midle gimp,

And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred ?

Waefou to zung and auld,

30

Waefou I trow to kyth and kyn,

As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse in summer tyde,

Puft up with powir and micht,

Landed in fair Scotland the yle,

35

With mony a hardy knicht.

The tydings to our gude Scots king

Came, as he sat at dyne,

With noble chiefs in braif aray,

Drinking the blude-reid wine.

40

“ To horse, to horse, my ryal liege,

Zours faes stand on the strand,

Full twenty thousand glittering spears

The king of Norse commands.”

Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,

Our gude king raise and cried,

A trustier beast in all the land

A Scots king nevir tried.

45

Go

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
 That lives on hill so hie,
 To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
 And haste and follow me.

The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his masters arm,

“ Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute, 55
 And rid zour king fræ harm.”

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,

Sae did his dark-brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kone, as they were wont

In dangers great to do ; 60
 He hes tane a horn as green as glaſs,

And gien five sounds sae shrill,
 That treis in grone weed schrike theras,

Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie,

Had past that summers morn,
 Quhen low down in a grassy dale,

They heard their fatheris horn.

That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,

We haif other sport to hyde,

And sune they heyd them up the hill,

And sune were at his syde.

“ Late late the zefrene I weind in peace
 To end my lengthned life,

My age micht weil excuse my arm

75

Frae manly feats of tryfe;

But now that Norse dois proudly boast

Fair Scotland to inthrall,

Its neir be said of Hardyknute,

He feard to ficht or fall.

80

“ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,

Thy arrows schute fae leil,

That mony a comely countenance

They haif turnd to deidly pale.

Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance,

85

Ze neid nae weapons mair,

Gif ze ficht wi' it as ze did anes

Gaints Westmorlands ferss heir.

“ And Malcom, licht of fute as stag

That runs in forest wyld,

99

Get me my thousands thrie of men

Well bred to sword and schield:

Bring me my horse and harnisine

My blade of mettal cleir.

If faes kend but the hand it bare,

95

They fune had fled for feir.

“ Farewell

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 101

“ Fareweil my dame fae peirles gude,
 (And tuke her by the hand),

Fairer to me in age zou seim,

Than maids for bewtie famd:

100

My zoungeſt ſon ſhall here remain

To guard theſe ſtately towirs,

And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips

Sae fast zour painted bowirs.”

And firſt ſcho wet her comely cheiks,

105

And then her boddice grene,

Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,

Weil plett with ſilver ſchene;

And apron ſett with mony a dice

Of neidle-wark fae rare,

110

Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſſ,

Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has riſſen owre muir and moſs,

Owre hills and mony a glen,

Quhen he came to a wounded knicht

115

Making a heavy mane;

“ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,

By treacheries false gyles;

Witleſſ I was that eir gaif faith

To wicked womans ſmyles.”

120

“ Sir knyght, gin ze were in my bowir,
 To lean on silken seat,
 My laydis kyndlic care zoud prove,
 Quha neir kehd deidly hate :
 Hir self wald watch ze all the day,
 Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
 And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
 As scho stands in zour ficht.”

125

“ Aryse young knicht, and mount zour steid,

Full lowns the shynand day : ”

Cheis fræ my menzie quhom ze pleis
 To leid ze on the way.”

With smyless huke, and visage wan

The wounded knicht replyd,

“ Kynd chistain, zour intent purfue,
 For heir I maun abyde.”

135

To me nane after day nor nicht

Can eir be swet or fair,

But sunē beneath sum draping treo,

Cauld death shall end my care.”

With him naē pleading nicht prevail ;

Brave Hardyknute in to gain,

With fairest words and reson strong,

Straye courtefully in vain.

Syn

Syne he has gane fat hynd attowre

145

Lord Chattans land sae wyde ;

That lord a worthy wicht was ay,

Quhen faes his courage feyd ;

Of Pictish race by mothers syde,

Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,

150

Lord Chattan claimid the princely maid,

Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his fers and stalwart train,

He reicht a ryng heicht,

Quhair braid encampit on the dale,

155

Nors menzie lay in ficht.

“ Zonder my valiant sons and fers,

Our raging revers wait

On the unconquerit Scottish swaird

To try with us their fate.

160

Make orisons to him that saift

Our fauls upon the rude ;

Syne bräifly schaw zoar veins ar fill'd

With Caledonian blude.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,

165

Quhyle thousands all around

Drawn frae their sheaths glant in the sun,

And loud the bougills sound.

To join his king adoun the hill

In haſt his merch he made,

Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minſtralls meit

Afore him ſtately ſtrade.

“ Thryſe welcum valziant ſtoup of weir,

Thy nations ſcheild and pryde;

Thy king nae reaſon has to feir

Quhen thou art be his fyde.”

170

175

Then bows were bent and darts were thrawn;

For thrang scarce could they flie;

The darts clove arrows as they met,

The arrows dart the trie.

180

Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſe,

With little ſkaith to man,

But bludy bludy was the field,

Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that ſindle bruikd

185

The war that luikt lyke play,

Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,

Sen bows feimt but delay.

Quoth noble Rothſay, “ Myne i'll keip,

I wate its bleid a ſkore.”

190

Haſt up my merry men, cryd the king,

As he rade on before,

The

The king of Norse he socht to find,
 With him to mense the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht 195
 A sharp unsonie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
 In midst betweene his ene. 200

“ Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothsays heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
 The strength and sharpness of my dart !”
 Then sent it thruch his syde.
 Another arrow weil he markd, 205
 It persit his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the filver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids !”
 Again with nicht he drew 210
 And gesture dreid his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew :
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at ;
 Lament now quene Elgreid ;
 Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall, 215
 His zouth and comely meid.

“ Take

“ Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilk
 His steilly harness shynd) 220
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blude it beirs;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He sure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Norse with giant body tall, 225
 Braid shoulder and armis strong,
 Cry’d, “ Quhair is Hardyknute fae fand,
 And feird at Britains throne:
 Thah Britons tremble at his name,
 I sune shall make him wail, 230
 That eir my sword was made fae sharp,
 Sae saft his coat of mail.”

That brag his stout heart could-na byde,
 It lent him zouthfou nicht:
 “ I’m Hardyknute; this day, he cry’d, 235
 To Scotland’s king I hecht
 To lay thee law, as horses huse;
 My word I mean to keip.”
 Syne with the first strakeer he strake,
 He garrd his body bleid. 240

ANCIENT POEMS. 207

Norse eue lyke gray goschawke staid wyld,

He ficht with shame and spyte ;

“ Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm

That left thee power to stryke : ”

Then gaif his head a blaw sat fell,

245

It made him doun to stoup,

As law as he to ladies usit

In courtly gyse to lout.

Full fune he raised his bent body,

His bow he marveld fair,

250

Sen-blaws till then on him but darrd

As touch of Fairly fair :

Norse ferlies too as fair as he

To se his stately luke ;

Sae fune as eir he strake a fac,

255

Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether set,

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy fae with luke enrag'd

Up towards him did prance ;

260

He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks

The hardy zouth to quell,

Quha stude unmusit at his approach

His furie to repell.

“ That

“ That schort brown shaft sae meanly trim'd; 265

Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,

But dreidfull feelds the rusty point!”

And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britons blude has dimd its shyne;

This poynt cur short their vaunt:” 270

Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik;

Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,

His stirrup was nae stay,

Sae feible hang his unbent knee

275

Sure taken he was fey:

Swith on the hardened clay he fell,

Richt far was heard the thud:

But Thomas luikt not as he lay

All waltering in his blude. 280

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,

On raid he north the plain;

His seim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,

Quhen winner ay the same:

Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik

285

Could meise saft love to bruik,

Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,

Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain, 290

The fainting corps of warriours lay,
Neir to aryse again ;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythsom sounds
To boist the glories of the day, 295
And schaw their shining wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
May wash the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the schiples seis
Befoir hir mate appears. 300

Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain ;
Thy lord lyis in the clay ;
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a croſſ
Set up for monument, 305
Thousands full fierce that summers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,
Let Norse the name ay dreid, 310
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,
Sal latest ages reid.

Loud

320 ANCIENT POEMS.

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,

Sair beat the heavy showir,

Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute

315

Wan heir his stately towir.

His towir that usd with torches bleise

To shyne sae far at nicht,

Seimd now as black as mourning weid,

Nae marvel fair he sichd.

320

“ Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,

Thairs nae licht in my hall ;

Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,

Nor ward stands on my wall.

“ Quhat bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ; ”— 325

Nae answer fits their dreid.

“ Stand back, my sons, I'll be zour gyde : ”

But by they past with speid.

“ As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,”—

There ceift his brag of weir,

330

Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,

And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir

He wist not zit with dreid ;

Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs,

335

And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

* * * Since

Since this poem of HARDYKNUTE was first printed off, still farther information has been received concerning the original manner of its publication, and the additions made to it afterwards.

"The late Dr. John Clerk, a celebrated physician in Edinburgh, one of Lord President Forbes's intimate companions, has left in his own hand writing, an ample account of all the additions and variations made in this celebrated poem, as also two additional stanzas never yet printed."

The title of the first edition was, "HARDYKNUTE, A FRAGMENT. EDINBURGH. 1719." folio. 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition, but added afterwards in the EVERGREEN, 1724, 12mo. are the two, beginning at ver. 129. "Aryse young knicht, &c. to ver. 144.—Instead of ver. 143, 144, as they stand at present, Dr. Clerk's MS. has

With argument, but vainly strave
Lang courteously in vain.

Again, from ver. 153. Now with his fers, &c. to 176, are not in the first edit.—In Dr. Clerk's MS. ver. 170, &c. runs thus,

In haste his strides he bent
While minstrels play and pibrocks fine.
Afore him stately went.

Lastly, from ver. 257. Quhair lyke a fyre, &c. to the end of the poem, were not in the 1st copy. Variation of line the last (v. 336.) is

"He feared a' could be feared."

The two additional stanzas come in between ver. 388. and v. 389. and are these,

Now darts flew wavering through flaw speed,
Scarce could they reach their aim;

Or reath'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
 'Twas all but shot in vain :
 Right strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils ;
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
 And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,
 Swords clash'd and harness rang ;
 But saftly sae ilk blaster blew
 The hills and dales fraemang.
 Nae echo heard in double dints,
 Nor the lang-winding horn,
 Nae mair she blew out brade as she
 Did eir that summers morn.

This obliging information the Reader owes to David Clerk, M. D. at Edinburgh, son of Dr. John Clerk.

It is perhaps needless to observe, that these two stanzas, as well as most of the variations above, are of inferior merit to the rest of the poem, and are probably first sketches that were afterwards rejected.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



R. E L I Q U E S
O F A N C I E N T P O E T R Y,
&c.

S E R I E S T H E S E C O N D.
B O O K II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A
CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN.

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden

den changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Papery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled LITTLE JOHN NOBODY, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, Every Man; the other called Lusty Juventus, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions †: in the other, the poet (one R. WEVER)

† Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,

"There is no emperor, kyng, duke, ne baron

"That of God bath commision,

"As bath the leest preest in the world beyng.

* * *

"God bath to them more power gyven,

"Than to any gungell, that is in heven;

"With

WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit :—This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally, as in a sermon ; take an instance,

“ The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
 “ As in the xxxijij chapter it doth appere :
 “ Be converted, O ye children, &c.”

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation ; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth : for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition,

“ The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
 “ But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
 “ They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
 “ In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.”

I 2

And

“ With v...words be may consecrate
 “ Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,
 “ And bandeletb his maker bytwene his bandes,
 “ The preeft byndetb and unbindetb all bandes,
 “ Botbe in eribe and in beven.—
 “ Thou ministirs all the sacramentes seven.
 “ Thoughe we kyff thy fete thou quere worthy ;
 “ Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly ;
 “ No remedy may we fynde under God,
 “ But alone on preeftbode.
 “ —God gave preeft that dignitè,
 “ And leteetb them in his stede amonge us be,
 “ Thut be they above aungels in degre.”

See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama. Vol. I. p. 61.

And in another place Hypocrify urges,

“ The worlde was never meri
 “ Since chyldren were so boulde :
 “ Now every boy wil be a teacher,
 “ The father a foole, the cbyld a preacher.”

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. +. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is intituled, An enterlude called Lusty Tabantus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod si. Never. Imprinted at London in Paules churche yarde, by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two Plays, the Reader may find some further particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE; and the curious Reader will find the Plays themselves printed at large in HAWKINS's “Origin of the English Drama.” 3 vols. Oxford. 1773. 12mo.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
 And prayse the lordes magnificence,
 Which hath given the wolues a fall,
 And is become our strong defencie :
 For they thorowe a false pretens
 From Christes bloude dyd all us leade †,

Gettinge

† i. e. denied us the Cup. see below, ver. 94.

Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our **FLAYLES** coulde get
To kepe our house, and seruautes ; 10
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the marchautes :
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe ;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe : 20
But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye, and their false caste ;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Hast usurped kynges powers, 25
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres :
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse ; 30

As do the deceatful foulers,
When they theyr nettes crafteleye dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre ;
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire ;
Cursing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have defyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this ~~pen~~ that thou seyste here :
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare, 45
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde ;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde *.

THE POPP.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion,
Throughe myne ensample, and consel, 50
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed ;

* i. e. Make thee knock under the table.

For

For blamynge me, and my condicion,
The holy decaes have the condempnaed.

55

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findeſt it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knoweſt thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatſoever I do it muſt be well.

60

As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler †?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are;
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this sworde I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

65

70.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and ſume,
That wil Luther refiſt ſtrongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the scripture;

75

I 4

For

† i. e. his rule.

For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure.

80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutly,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :
And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overeome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte ;
God can make you no resistaunce.

85

But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one ;
For they have not the popes blesyng,
Nor regarde his holy pardon :
They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion,
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

90

95

H.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.
A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a *pasquill* was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in an ancient MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library :)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Greene sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder was another: John Anderson my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted

one

one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present Edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend; who thinks the "Seven Bairns," in st. 2d. allude to the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of Mother Church: as the first st. contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the popish clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, "The Book of the Universal Kirk," p. 90. 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end wherof was found printit ane baudy sang, called, "Welcome Fortunes *."

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze fall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze? Wom. Cummer, I haef seven.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? Wom. Na,
Cummer, na;
For five of them were gotten, quhan he was awa'.

* See also Biograph. Britan. vol. I. p. 177.

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's *Visions*, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to BOOK III. BALLAD I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
 After november, when the nights wax noysome and
 As I past by a place privily at a port, [long;
 I saw one sit by himself making a song:
 His last * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
 That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'freyned † that freake,
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and
 What maner men thou meane, that are so mad. [tell
 He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
 To discusse divinity they nought adread;
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
 Thou lyest, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad. [speake.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
 And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
 It is sothe said, that seet but much unseemly skalk,
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:

Yet

* Perhaps He left talk.

† feyned. MSS. and P. C.

Yet to their fancy soon a cause wil find ;
 As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke :
 Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind ;
 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
 Our service to be said in our seignours tongue ;
 As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture ;
 Our suffrages, and services, with many a sweet song,
 With homilies, and godly books us among,
 That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke :
 But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong ;
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
 And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ har-
 rowed hel,
 And poor men are so sore punished commonly through
 the world,
 That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel :
 For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be
 so quel,
 That if a man do amisse, with mischiefe they wil him
 wreake ;
 The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell :
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
 And in lechery to leyke al their long life ;

For
 Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud
 friars are said to be
 —————— “Of Capmes kind.” Vid. Sig. C ij. b.

For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
 Will move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
 To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
 And in brawling about bandery, Gods commandments
 breake :

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife ;
 Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,
 and not care

According to their foolish fantacy ; but fast wil they
 naught :

Prayer with them is but prating ; therefore they it forbear :
 Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their
 thought :

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bload
 us bought,

That he wil mend that is amiss : for many a manful freyke
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought ;
 And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in no place, this NOBODY, in no time I met,
 Where no man, ' ne * NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did
 appear ;

Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That ' Aeolus †' through the echo did cause me to hear.
 Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer
 Did shiver for a shower ; but I shunted from a freyke :
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
 But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV. Q.

* then. MSS. and P. C.

† Hercules, MSS. and PC.

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH's VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

— are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels, which has lately been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

O H, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed :
Causing the guilties to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETH, PRISONNER.

V. THE

Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to Did bear or Hath borne. See below the Beggar of Bednal Green, ver. 57. Could say.

V.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

This old ballad is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; some breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

LI THE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne :
It is of a lord of faire Scotländ,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord, 5
His mother a lady of high degree ;
But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night, 10
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, 15
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifte lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he mun sell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was calied hee :
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
 If thou wilt sell thy landes so broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
 My lande nowe take it unto thee : 30
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a gods-pennie^t ;
 But for every pounde that John agreed,
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
 He was right glad his land to winne :
 The land is mine, the gold is thine,
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne.

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight :
 My sonne, when I am gonue, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free :

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'l never spend ;
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They

* i. e. earneſt-money ; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.'

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
And then his friendes they flunk away ;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

60

He had never a pènny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
The tone was bras, and the tone was lead,
And tother it was white monèy.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,

65

Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care ?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.

70

But one, I wis, was not at home,
Another had payd his gold away ;
Another call'd him thrifless loone,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

75

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
Now well-away, and woe is me !
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

80

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning shame :
 To rob and steal it were a finne :
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge, 15
 For there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world should frown on mee,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

PART THE SECOND.

A WAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe, 5
 In hope some comfort fer to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ; 10
 No shimmerring funn here ever shone ;
 No halesome breeze here ever blew.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 133

No chair, ne table he mote spy,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose, 15
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettērs,
These words were written so plain to see :
“ Ah ! gracelesse wretch, haſt ſpent thine all,
“ And brought thyfelfe to penurie ? 29

“ All this my boding mind misgave,
“ I therefore left this truſty friend :
“ Let it now ſheeld thy foule diſgrace,
“ And all thy shame and ſorrows end.”

Sorely ſhent wi' this rebuke, 25
Sorely ſhent was the heire of Linne,
His heart, I wiſ, was near to braft
With guilt and forrowe, shame and finne.

Never a word ſpake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he ſpake but three : 39
“ This is a truſty friend indeed,
“ And is right welcome unto mee.”

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And ſprang aloft with his bodie :
When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine, 35
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Aftonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
 At length he looked, and fawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chests in-fere †.

Two were full of the beaten golde, 45
 The third was full of white monye ;
 And over them in broad lettērs
 These words were written so plaine to see :

“ Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere ;
 “ Amend thy life and follies past ;
 “ For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 “ That rope must be thy end at last.” 50

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;
 And let it bee, but if I amend † :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade || shall guide me to the end. 55

Away then went the heire of Linne ;
 Away he went with a merry cheare ;
 I wis,

† in-fere, i. e. together,
 || i. e. advice, counsel.

‡ i. s. unless I amend.

I wis, he neither stint ne stayd,
Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere * then looked hee ;
There sate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne 65
To John o' the Scales then louted hee :
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone ;
Away, away, this may not bee : 70
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he :
Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75
I pray for sweet saint Charitié.

Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee ;

* *Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by whicb it was speered, i. e. sparred, fastened, or shut.—In Bale's 2d Part of the AEs of Eng. Voraries, we have this phrase, (fo. 38.) “ The dore therof oft tymes “ opened and speared agayne.”*

For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The fist we wold begin with thee.

80

Then bespake a good fellowe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :
Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne ;
Some time thou wakst a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85
And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companee :
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee.

90

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe :
Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
But I did lose by that bargaine.

95

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
With that he gave him a gods pennèe :

Now

Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
And here, good John, is thy monèy.

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105
And layd them down upon the bord :
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle dinne. 110
The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I me againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee :
Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay ! sayth Joan o' the Scales :
Now welladay ! and woe is my life !
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I me but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne ;
Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee :
When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written 'to lord Gray of Wilton.'" Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Wad-thamstoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Antb. Wood: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "A remembrance of the well employed Life and godly End of GEO. GASCOIGNE, Esq; who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7. 1577. by Geo. Whetstone, Gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

A very ingenious critic thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification ||." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Q. Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVISES*, (the Dodskoy's Miscellany of those times) will

Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 168.

* Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to, black let.

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line : whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, “*A hundred sundrie floweres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Ricarde Smith:*” without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, “*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq; corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour; 1575.—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c.*” No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, or bookseller's devies) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery ||, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.

IN

† The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and even of *Sutrey's Poems*, 1557.

• q' Henrie Binneman.

|| *LE TEMPS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.*

IN court whoſo demaundes
 What dame doth moſt excell ;
 For my conceit I muſt needes fay,
 Faire Bridges beares the bel :

Upon whoſe lively cheeke, 5
 To prove my judgment true,
 The rose and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive
 For equall change of hewe :

And therewithall ſo welt 10
 Hir graces all agree,
 No frowning cheere dare once preſume
 In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes, 15
 Which like ſome other beſt,
 Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe
 Disgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie, 20
 God wotte, they little knowe
 The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,
 Nor how the harm diſgrowe :

For when dame Nature firſt
 Had framde hir heavenly face,
 And thoroughly bedecked it
 With goodly gleames of grace ; 25

ANCIENT POEMS. 148

It lyked hir so well :

25

Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love, 30
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above.

But out, alas ! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne ;
And some unseen wer present there, 35
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stooode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45
He chaunged into hate,
And fodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
 To see the cruell deede :
 Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
 To see hir dearling bleede.

50

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
 Shal have some helpe I trowe :
 And quick with skin she coverd it,
 That whiter is than snowe.

55

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
 For feare of further flame,
 When angel-like he saw hir shine,
 Whome he had smit with shame.

60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
 In cradel of hir kind :
 The coward Cupide brake hir browe
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains ;
 No force, there let it bee :
 There is no cloude that can eclipse
 So bright a sunne, as she.

65

VII. FAIR

Ver. 62. In cradel of hir kind : i. e. in the cradle of her family.
 Query.—See Warton's observations, vol. 2. p. 137.

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. "Rosamond the sayre
 " daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II.
 " (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at
 " Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] wherre king Henry had made
 " for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man
 " or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed
 " by the king, or such as were right secret with him touch-
 " ing the matter. This house after some was named Laby-
 " rinthus, or Dedalus worke, whicb was wrought like un-
 " to a knot in a garden, called a Maze †; but it was com-
 " monly said, that lastly the queene came to ber by a clue of
 " thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived
 " not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried
 " at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with
 " these verses upon her tombe,

" Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:
 " Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

" In

† Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

“ In English thus :

“ The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
 “ Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent?
 “ In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
 “ That by her life was sweete and redolent:
 “ But now that she is from this life blent,
 “ Though she were sweete, now feully doth she stinke.
 “ A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.”

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as “ the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde her out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of her chamber with his foot, and dealt with her in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after.” Vol. III. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speede's *Hist.* we are told that the jealous queen found her out “ by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what shee sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after.” 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on her

her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit †, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that “the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the CUP, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone.”

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. “Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunes, called Godstow, and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time leman to Henry II. who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and aduouerous company with men.” *Annals*, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, “that

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“these

† Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon, who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig Hist. vol. 3. p. 739.

“ these holy virgins might relieve with their prayers, the
 “ soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund
 “ there interred.” ¶ In what situation her remains
 were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from
 Leland, “ Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was
 “ taken up [of] late; it is a stome with this inscription,
 “ TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were closid in lede,
 “ and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it
 “ was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.” See
 Hearne’s discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which
 time he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the
 foundations of a very large building, which were believed to
 be the remains of Rosamond’s labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espè; (or Long-sword) earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincolne ||. Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond’s sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen’s reign he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry’s commerce with this lady “ broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152] and “ that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resent-
 “ ment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion “ into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably be-
 “ fore the rebellion of Henry’s sons in 1173.” [Carte’s hist. Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he staid but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond’s having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his

¶ Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed’s Hist. writ by Dr. Parcaw, Dean of Bocking. || Afterwards archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

bis mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geofferey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5°. Hen. II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25°. Hen. II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28°. Hen. II. [1182.]." *Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall. (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.*

The following ballad is printed from four ancient copies in black letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheeke
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

5

10

15

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
 Her name was called so,
 To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
 Was known a deadlye foe.

20

The king therefore, for her defence,
 Against the furious queene,
 At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
 The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
 Of stone and timber strong,
 An hundreded and fifty doors
 Did to this bower belong:

25

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
 With turnings round about,
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out.

30

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave
 Unto a valiant knighe.

35

But fortune, that doth often frowne
 Whera she before did smile,
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
 Full soon shoo did beguile:

40

For

For why, the kinges wigracious sonne,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his father raised warres
 Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king

45

The English land forsooke,
 Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
 His farewelle thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,

50

That pleasest best mine eye :
 The fairest flower in all the worlde
 To feed my fantasye :

The flower of mine affected heart,

Whose sweetnes doth excelle :

My royal Rose, a thousand times

55

I bid thee nowe farewelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,

My sweetest Rose, a space,

And cross the seas to famous France,

Proud rebelles to abase.

60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt

My coming shortlye see,

And in my heart, when hence I am,

Ile beare my Rose with mee.”

L 3

When

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,

65.

Did heare the king saye soe,

The sorrowe of her grieved heart

Her outward lookes did shewe;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes

70

The teares gusht out apace,

Which like the silver-pearled dewe

Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,

Did waxe both wan and pale,

And for the sorrow she conceyde

75

Her vitall spirits faile;

And falling down all in a swoone

Before king Henries face,

Full oft he in his princelye armes

Her bodye did embrace:

80

And twentye tyme, with watery eyes,

He kist her tender cheeke,

Untill he had revivde againe

Her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?

85

The king did often say.

Because, quoth shee, to bloodye warres

My lord must part awaye,

But since your grace on forrayne coastes

Amonge your foes unkinde

90

Must goe to hazard life and limbe,

Why should I staye behinde?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,

Your sworde and target beare;

That on my breast the blowes may lighte,

95

Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,

Prepare your bed at nighte,

And with sweete baths refresh your grace,

At your retурne from fighte.

100

So I your presence may enjoye

No toil I will refuse;

But wanting you, my life is death;

Nay, death Ild rather chuse!

Content thy self, my dearest love;

105

Thy rest at home shall bee

In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;

For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;

Soft peace their sexe delights;

110

Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;

Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.

My Rose shall safely here abide,
 With musicke passe the daye ;
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
 My foes seeke far awaye.

135

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and goldē,
 Whilst I me in armour dighte ;
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
 To bee my loves defence ;
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose
 When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
 As though his heart would breake ;
 And Rosamonde, for very grieve,
 Not one plaine word could speake.

125

And at their parting well they myghte
 Iu heart be grieved sore :
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more.

130

For when his grace had past the seas,
 And into France was gone ;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
 To Woodstocke came alone.

135

And

And forth she calleth this trustye knighte,
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145
Beheld her beanteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
That riche and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee. 150

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all. 155

“ Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,
Faire Rosamonde did crye ;
And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye. 160

I will renounce my sinfull life,
 And in some cloyster bide ;
 Or else be banisht, if you please,
 To range the world soe wide.

And for the fault which I have done, 165
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,
 Preserve my life, and punish mee
 As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
 She wrunge full often there ; 170
 And downe along her lovelye face
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
 Therewith appeased bee ;
 The cup of deadlye poysone stronge, 175
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
 Who tooke it in her hand,
 And from her bended knee arose,
 And on her feet did stand : 180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle ;
 And drinking up the poison stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And

And when that death through everye limbe
 Had shrowde its greatest sp̄te,
 Her chiefest foes did plaine confessē
 Shee was a glorious wight. 185

Her body then they did entomb,
 When life was fled away,
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
 As may be seene this day. 190

VIII.

QUEEN ELEANOR's CONFESSION.

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened

happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's Hist. 4to. Vol. I. p. 260. 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a flicke woman.
Q And afraid that she should dye:
 Then she sent for two fryars of France
 To speke with her speedilye.

The king callid downe his nobles all, 5
 By one, by two, by three;
 " Earle marshall, Ile goe shrive the queene,
 And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earle marshall,
 And fell on his bended knee; 10
 That whatsoeuer queene Elianor saye,
 No harme therof may bee.

5

10

11c

He pawne my laudes, the king then cryd,
 My sceptre, crowne, and all,
 That whatsoeuer queen Elianor sayes
 No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
 And He put on another ;
 And we will to queen Elianor goe
 Like fryar and his brother.

Thus both attired then they goe :
 When they came to Whitehall,
 The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
 And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene
 They fell on their bended knee ;
 A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
 That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, ~~He~~ sayd,
 As I suppose you bee ?
 But if you are two Englishe fryars,
 You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
 As you suppose we bee,
 We have not been at any maffe
 Sith we came from the sea.

The

158 ANCIENT POEMS.

The first vile thing that ever I did
I will to you unfolde ;
Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde.

40

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
May God forgive it thee !
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye,
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison king Henrye.

45

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king,
May God forgive it thee !
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
And I wish it so may bee.

50

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover ;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower.

55

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
May God forgive it thee !
Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
And I wish it so may bee.

60

Do

Do you see yonders little boye,
 A toffing of the balle?
 That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
 And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65
 A catching of the balle?
 That is king Henries youngest sonne,
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyond like a bull;
 His nose is like a boare. 70
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
 I love him the better therfore.

The king pulld off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde:
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
 And a grimme look looked hee,
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
 Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 80

V. 63, 67. *She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshall, the youngest by the king.*

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscrived M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall*] is preserved in *The Paradise of daintie devises*, quoted above in page 138—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in “*An bowres recreation in musicke, &c.* by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606. 4to.” usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of “*Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597. 1600. 1608, 4to.*” One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

*Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaws the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna’s flames ascend not bier :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*The Andelusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition.

THE

* *Vid. Aiben. Oxon. p. 152. 316.*

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine :
The marble stone is pearke at length,
With little drops of drizling rain :
The axe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke. 5

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set :
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net :
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soone deceived by subtil hooke. 16

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste ;
The heavens, the earth consume at last. 15

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame : 20
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23. where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume.—The late Mr. GUTHRIE assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

— his reverend lockes
 In comelye curles did wave;
 And on his aged temples grewe
 The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the absurdities and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham,

Evesham, (fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5
Yett seeing shee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherfore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
Her suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Befsy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee; 15
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bowē;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe :
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and so heavy was prettye Bessee. 20

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
 And went unto Ramfrod along the hys way ;
 Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee :
 So faire and wel favoured was prettye Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
 But master and mistres and all was her friend :
 And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
 Was strait-way enamoured of prettye Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold ; 30
 Her beautye was blazed in every degree ;
 Soe faire and soe comelye was prettye Bessee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy ;
 Shee shewd herself courteous, and modestlye coye ;
 And at her commandment still wold they bee ; 35
 Soe faire and soe comelye was prettye Bessee.

Fourre suitors att once unto her did goe ;
 They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe ;
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
 Yett ever they honoured prettye Bessee. 40

The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
 And he came unto her disguisde in the night :
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall :
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he wold dye for prettye Befsee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight ; 50
 My hart's so intralled by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for prettye Befsee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Befsy shal bee :
 My life is distressed : O heare me, quoth hee ; 55
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Befsee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant could say,
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay ;
 My shippes shal bring home rych jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love prettye Befsee. 60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
 My father and mother I meane to obey ;
 First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Befsee.

To every one this answer shee made, 65
 Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
 This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree ;
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Befsee ?

My father, she sayd, is soone to be seene :
 The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
 That daylye fits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of prettye Befsee.

70

His markes and his tokens are knownen very well ;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell :
 A seely olde man God knoweth is hee,
 Yett hee is the father of prettye Befsee.

75

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :
 Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe shalst thou bee :
 I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
 And therefore, adewe, my prettye Befsee !

80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worse,
 I weighe not true love by the weight of the purse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
 Then welcome unto mee, my prettye Befsee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85
 Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be soe ;
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adew of prettye Befsee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
 The knight had from Rumford stol Bessy away. 90
 The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe prettye Befsee.

As

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene ;
 And as the knight lighted most curteouslie, 95
 They all fought against him for prettye Bessee.

But rescu came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knight for his love had beene slaine.
 This fray being ended, then straitway he see
 His kinsmen come rayling at prettye Bessee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I be poore,
 Yett rayle not against my child at my owne door :
 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
 Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But firſt you ſhall promife, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop ſhall all be your owne. 110
 With that they replyed, Contented bee wee.
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Bessee.

With that an angell he caſt on the ground,
 And dropped in angels full three thouſand pound ;
 And oftentimes it was proved moſt plaine, 115
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne :

Soe that the place, wherein they did fitt,
 With gold it was covered every whitt.
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
 Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
 Then marry my girl, quoth he to the knight ;
 And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene :
 And all those, that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy a match for the knight,
 And then made a ladye in others despite : 130
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The SECOND FIT * shall set forth to your sight 135
 With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

* The word FIT, for PART, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances ; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by FITS,

FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *Art of English poesie*, 1589, says "the Epitbalamus was divided by
 "breaches into three partes to serve for three several FITS,
 "or times to be sung." p. 41.—

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be
 "in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabani,
 "upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none
 "other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that passe by
 "them in the streete; or else by BLIND HARPERS, or such
 "like taverne Minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a
 "GROAT, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of
 "old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of
 "Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme
 "of the Clough, and such other old romances or bistorical
 "rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at
 "Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and
 "alehouses, and such other places of base resorte." p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been banded down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded from more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage, "We ourselues, says
 "this courtly & writer, have written for pleasure a little
 "brief romance, or bistorical ditty in the English tong of
 "the Isle of Great Britaine in short and long meetres, and
 "by breaches or divisions [i. e. FITS,] to be more com-
 "modiously sung to the barpe in places of assembly, where
 "the company shal be desirous to heare of old adven-
 "tures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are
 "those

¶ He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune. Vid. *Act. Ox.*

" those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table,
 " Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others
 " like." p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

" When meate and drinke is great plentie,
 " And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
 " And fit and solace* lythe ; * Perhaps
 " Then itt is time for mee to speake " blythe."
 " Of keene knyghtes, and kempes great,
 " Such carping for to kytte."

If we consider that a GROAT in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old barpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-fingers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal green, in II parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver. 34, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a GROAT for his reward, v. 16, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song : and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the bearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth — Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To

To return to the word FIT; it seems at first to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time between the several parts, (answering to PASSUS in the visions of *Pierce Plowman*): thus in the old poem of *JOHN THE REeve*, the first part ends with this line,

“ The first FITT here find wee:”

i. e. here we come to the first pause or intermission *. — By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of *Chaucer*: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of *Sir Thopas* (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)

“ Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;
“ If ye woll any more of it,
“ To tell it woll I fonde.”

* See also above, Vol. I. p. 9. and the division, in No. II. of the same vol.—The reader will find further remarks on the word FIT at the end of this Volume, and in the Glossary to Vol. I. &c.

PART THE SECOND.

WITHIN a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they colde have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

5

This

This wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number therto did resort 20
Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene 15
That went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde. 20

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn :
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, " Much marueil have wee, 25
This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see."
My lords, quoth the bride, my father's so base,
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

" The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ; 30
But wee thinke thy father's basenes, quoth they,
Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye."

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar clad in a silke cloke ;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee,
 And now a musycyan forsooth he wold bee.

35

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of prettye Bessie.

40

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon began most sweetlye to play ;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

“ A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene, 45
 “ Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene :
 “ A blithe bonay lasse, and a dainty was shee,
 “ And many one called her prettye Bessie.

“ Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
 “ But beggd for a penny all day with his hand ; 50
 “ And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
 “ And fill he hath somewhat for prettye Bessie.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 “ Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 “ To prove shee is come of noble degree : 55
 “ Therfore never flout at prettye Bessie.”

With

With that the lords and the company round
 With hearty laughter were readye to swound ;
 At last sayd the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar's behoden to thee. 60

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
 That through the blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say, 65
 Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
 Yett by his countenance well may we see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe say) 70
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee ;
 For the love that thou bearest to prettye Bessee.

“ Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 “ One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
 “ And if that itt may not winn good report, 75
 “ Then do not give me a GROAT for my sport.

“ [Sir Simon de Montfort my subiect shal bee ;
 “ Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 “ Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 “ Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race. 80
 “ When

“ When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppose,
 “ Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose ;
 “ A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 “ And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

“ At length in the battle on Evesham plaine 85
 “ The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine ;
 “ Moste fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 “ Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessie !

“ Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 “ His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his fide, 90
 “ Was fellde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight !
 “ A blowe that deprivde him for ever of fight.

“ Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
 “ Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 “ When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee ; 95
 “ And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessie !

“ A barons faire daughter stopt forth in the nighte
 “ To search for her father, who fell in the fight,
 “ And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 “ Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye. 100

“ In secrette she nurst him, and swaged his paine,
 “ While he through the realme was beleevd to be slaine :
 “ At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
 “ And made him glad father of prettye Bessie.

“ And nowe left oure fees oure lives shalde betraye, 105
 “ We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye ;
 “ Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee :
 “ All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessie.]

“ And here have we lived in fortunes despite, 109
 “ Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte :
 “ Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
 “ The sillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

“ And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
 “ Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong :
 “ And thus have you learned a secrete from mee, 115
 “ That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessie.”

Now when the faire compayne every one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
 Both at the blinde beggar, and prettye Bessie. 120

With that the sweete maiden they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art right worthy a ladye to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte, 125
 A bridegroome most happye then was the yong knighth,
 In joye and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the prettye Bessie.

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere Earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its “excellencie and wit,” in Puttenham’s *Arte of Eng. Poesie**, and found intire in the *Garland of Good-will*: A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises*. One of these is intitled, “The Complaint “of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie.” The only lines in it worth notice are these,

A crowne of baies shall that man ‘beare’
 Who triumphs over me;
 For black and tawnie will I weare,
 Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall’s *Chronicle*, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8. 1536; “Queen Anne [Bullen] ware “YELLOWE for the mourning.” And when this unfortunate princess lost her head May 19, the same year, “on the ascension day following, the kyng for mourning ware WHYTE.” Fol. 227, 228.

VOL. II.

N

Edward,

* *Lond. 1589. p. 172.*

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's *Noble Authors*. 4th. Ox.

COME hither shepherd's swayne:
“ Sir, what do you require?”
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
“ My name is FOND DESIRE.”

When wert thou borne, Desire? 5.
“ In pompe and pryme of may.”
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
“ By fond Conceit men say.”

Tell me, who was thy nurse? 10.
“ Fresh Youth in sugred joy.”
What was thy meate and dayly food?
“ Sad sighes with great annoy.”

What hadst thou then to drinke?
“ Unsavoury lovers teares.”
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
“ In hope deroyde of feares.” 15

What lulld thee then asleepe?
“ Sweete speech, which likes me best.”
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
“ In gentle hartes I rest.” 20

What

What thing doth please thee shott?

“ To gaze on beautye stillie.”

Whom doff thou thinke to be thy fete?

“ Disdayn of my good wille.”

Doth compayne displeased?

25

“ Yea, surelye, many one.”

Where doth Desire delighte to live?

“ He loves to live alone.”

Doth either tyme or age

Bringe him unto decaye?

30

“ No, no, Desire both lives and dyes

“ Ten thousand times a daye.”

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,

Thou art no mate for mee;

I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle

35

With such a one as thee.

XII.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's Peerage; which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. I. 410. p. 22.

N 2 “ The

"The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas † and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship, [called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his

men

* Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father's life-time.

men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [Aug. 2. 1511.]

“This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father’s order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward’s fortune; for on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

“King James ‘insisted’ upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: ‘tho’ Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves.’ This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which, it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2. v. 156. it is said, that England had before “but two ships of war.” Now the GREAT HARRY had been built for seven years before, viz. in 1504: which “was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, “when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient “but hiring ships from the merchants.” Hume.

The following copy (which is given from the Editor’s folio MS. and seems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not before,) will be found greatly superior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. Some few deficiencies are however supplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.

THE FIRST PART.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
 Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
 And Neptune with his daintye showers
 Came to present the monthe of Maye* ;
 King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
 Over the river of Thames past hee ;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

" O yee are welcome, rich merchants ;
 Good saylors, welcome unto mee." 10

They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
 But rich merchants they tolde not hee :
 " To France nor Flanders dare we pass ;
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare ;
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
 Who robbes us of our merchant ware." 15

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
 " I thought he had not been in the world,
 Durst have wrought England such unright." 20
 The merchants fighed, and said, alas !
 And thus they did their answere frame,
 Hee is a proud Scott, that robbes on the seas,
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The

* From the pr. copy.

The king tolde over his left shuldrer, 25
 And shalangrye took then hould her :

" Have I never a lorde in all my realme,

Will fetch yon traytor unto me ? "

Yea, that dare I ; lord Howard sayer ;

Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ; 30

If it please your grace to give me leave,

Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong ; the king replied :

Yond' Scott hath somberd manye a yere.

" Trust me, my sieye, he make him quark,

Or before my prince I will never appere." 35

Then bowmen and gunners thou shal have,

And chuse them over my realme so fro ;

Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,

To guide the great shipp on the sea, 40

The first man, that lord Howard chise,

Was the abest gunner in all the rea'ld,

Thoughte he was threescore yeeris and won :

Good Peter Simon was his name.

Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea,

To bring home a traytor live or dead :

Before all others I have chosen thee ;

Of a hundred gunners to be head.

If you, my lord, have chosen me
 Of a hundred gunners to be head, 50
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread †.
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 ' Whose active hands had gained fame *,'
 In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne, 55
 And William Horseley was his name.

Horseley, sayd he, I must with spedde
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred bowemen to be head ;
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,
 If I misse twelvescore one penny bread †.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
 The noble Howard is gone to the sea ;
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
 And days he scant had sayled three,
 Upon the ' voyage', he tooke in hand, 70
 But there he met with a noble shipp,
 And stoutly made it stay and stand.

Thou

† An old Eng. word for Breadth.

* Pr. copy.

A N C I E N T P. O E M S. 185

Thou must tell me, lord Howard sayes,
Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne. 80

Haft thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou haft sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knighte?
Than ever he sighed, and sayd alas! 85
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling upon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90
To his arch-borde * he clasped me,
And rob'd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde, 95
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

You

* *Perhaps Hatch-borde.*

You shall not need, said Howard says;

Let me but once that robber see,

For every penny cane thou see

It shall be doubled thidling thren.

Nowe God forefend, the merchant says,

That you shold seeke see for amysle!

God keepe you out o' that traitors bandes!

Ful late ye wot what a man he is.

109

He is braffe within, and flete without,

105

With beames on his topcastle stronge;

And thirtye pieces of ordnance

He carries on each side alonge:

And he hath a pinnace deevly dight,

110

St. Andrews croffe it is his guide;

His pinnace beareth viescore men,

And fifteen canons on each side,

Were ye twentys shippes, and he but one;

I sweare by kynke, and bower, and hall;

He wold overcome them every ond,

115

If once his beames they doe downe fall*.

This is cold comfort, sayes my lord,

To welcume a stranger on the sea;

Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shote,

Or to Scotland he shall carrye me.

120

Then

* The Editor would be obliged to any equal antiquary that would explain this.

ANCIENT POEMS. 187

Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his sc,
And sink his pinnace in the sea,
Or else he ne'er overcome will be :
And if you chance his shipp to borde, 125
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee, 130
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse he sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night ;
And to-morrow, I sweare, by nine of the clocke 135
You shall see Sir Andrew Barton knight.

THE SECOND PART.

THE merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,

And

And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
 His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold, 5
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee :
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,
 This is a gallant sight to see,

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
 So close that no man may them see ; 10
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,
 As merchants use that sayle the sea.
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast * ;
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15
 That can soe little cartesye ?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more.
 I have beene admirall over the sea ;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this way. 20
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace ;
 " Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee :
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
 Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree."

With

*Ver. 5. 'hatched with gold.' MS. * i. e. did not salute.*

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25

Full well lord Howard might it ken ;
For it stakē downe his fore-mast tree,

And killed fourteen of his men.

Come hither, Simon, sayes my lord,

Looke that thy word doe stand in stead ; 30
For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,

If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde.

His ordinance he laid right lowe ;
He put in chaine full nine yarde long,

35

With other great shott lesse, and moe ;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott ;

Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first fight that Sir Andrewe sawe,

He sawe his pinnace funke i' the sea. 40

And when he saw his pinnace funke,

Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !

“ Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysel.”

When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45
Within his heart hee was full faine :

“ Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.”

Fight

Ver. 35. i. e. discharged chain-shoe. Ver. 43. i. e. slip my cables.

196 ANCIENT POEMS.

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe fayes,
 Weake howfoever this geere will fway ;
 Itt is my lord admirall of England,
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle feare ;
 In att his decke hit gave a shott,
 Killid threescore of his men of warre.

50

55

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other side,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside.
 Nowe, out alas ! Sir Andrewe cryed,
 What may a man nowe thinke, or say ?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prisoner yesterday.

60

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
 That aye wast readys at my call ;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe falle.
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 "Horseley see thou be true in stead ;
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.

65

70

Then

ANCIENT POEMS 1921

Then Gordon swarvd the maine-mast tree,

He swarved it with might and maine;

But Horseley with a bearing arrowe;

75

Stroke the Gordon through the braine;

And he fell downe to the hatches again,

And sore his deadly wounde did bleed:

Then word went through Sir Andrews mey;

How that the Gordon he was dead

80

Come hitter to mee, James Hamilton,

Thou art my only sisters sonne,

If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,

Six hundred nobles thou haft wonne.

With that he swarvd the maine-mast tree,

85

He swarved it with nimble art;

But Horseley with a broad arrowe

Pierced the Hamilton thorough the heart:

And downe he fell upon the deck,

That with his blood did stremme amaine;

90

Then every Scott cryed, Well away!

Alas a comelye youth is slaine!

All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,

With grieve and rage his heart did swell:

“ Go fetch me forth my armes of proofe,

95

For I will to the topastle mysel!”

“ Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooфе,
 That gilded is with gold soe cleare :
 God be with my brother John of Barton !
 Against the Portingals hee it ware ; 100
 And when he had on this armour of prooфе,
 He was a gallant fight to see :
 Ah ! nere didſt thou meet with living wight,
 My deere brother, could cope with thee.”

Come hither Horseley, says my lord, 105
 And looke to your shaft that it goe right,
 Shoot a good ſhoot in time of need,
 And for it thou ſhalt be made a knight.
 Ile ſhoot my beſt, quoth Horseley then,
 Your honour ſhall ſee, with might and maine ; 110
 But if I were hanged at your maine-maſt tree,
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did ſwarve the tree,
 With right good will he ſwarved then :
 Upon his breast did Horseley hitt, 115
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horseley ſpyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a ſecrete part ;
 Under the ſpole of his right arme
 He ſmote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes,
 A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
 Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
 And then Ile rise and fight againe.

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew fayes, 125
 And never flinche before the foe ;
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crofse
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe.”

They never heard his whistle blow, ——

Which made their hearts waxe fore adread : 130
 Then Horfeley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew’s dead.
 They boarded then his noble shipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine ;
 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found, 135
 The rest were either maimd or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head ;
 “ I must ha’ left England many a daye,
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead.” 140

He caused his body to be cast
 Over the hatchborde into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes :
 “ Wherever thou land this will burye thee.”

Thus from the warres lord Howard came,

145

And backe he sayled ore the maine,

With mickle joy and triumphing

Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,

And sealed it with seale and ring ;

150

“ Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,

As never did subject to a king,

“ Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee ;

A braver shipp was never none :

Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warre,

155

Before in England was but one.”

King Henryes grace with royall cheere

Welcomed the noble Howard home,

And where, said he, is this rover stout,

That I myselfe may give the doome ?

160

“ The rover, he is safe, my leige,

Full many a fadom in the sea ;

If he were alive as he is dead,

I must ha' left England many a day :

And your grace may thank four men i'the ship

165

For the victory wee have wonne,

These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,

And Peter Simon, and his sonne.”

To

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne."
 And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store ;
 Howard shall be earle Surrye hight, 175
 As Howards erst have beene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne :
 And the mea shall have five hundred markes
 For the good service they have done. 180
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight :
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant fight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 185
 And eyes soe hallowe in his head,
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
 This man were alive as he is dead :
 Yet for the manfull part he playd,
 Which fought soe well with heart and hand, 190
 His men shall have twelvepence a day,
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

XIII.

LADY ANNE, BOTHWELL's LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

BALOW, my babe, ly stil and sleipe!

It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:

If thouft be silent, Iſe be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,

Thy father breides me great annoy.

5

Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,

It grieves me fair to see thee weepe.

When

Whan he began to court my lufe,
 And with his sugred wordes * to muve,
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
 To me that time did not appeire :
 But now I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

10

Balow, &c.

15

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile :
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids : nay God forbid !
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

20

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luying to thy father stil :
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
 My lufe with him maun stil abyde :
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Myne hart can neire depart him frae.

25

Balow, &c.

O 3

Bot

* When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty ; and therefore the epithet sugred is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, p. 178.) Sugar at present is cheap and common ; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new :
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair. 35

Balow, &c.

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun else my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve : 40
 My babe and I right saft will ly,
 And quite forȝeit man's cruelty.

Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth ! 45
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us than they care not how.

Balow, my babe; ly stil, and sleipe, 50
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom ; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret : and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9. 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5. that this princess was Q. Hotwager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4. 1560.

O 4

WOE

W O E worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlānde!
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleighe;
 The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5
 And sealed it with harte and ringe;
 And bade him come Scotland within,
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing.
 To be a prince unto a peere: 10
 But you have heard, and soe have I,
 A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
 And David Riccio was his name, 15
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
 Hee wold have fate him downe i' th' chaire,
 Although it beseemed him not so well,
 And though the kinge were present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlānde waxed wroth,
 And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
 And I shall tell how it befell,
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When

When the queene shee saw her chamberlaine flaine,
 For him her faire cheeks she did weete, 26
 And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
 And made their vow all vehemently ; 30
 That for the death of the chamberlaine,
 How hee, the king himselfe, sholde dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
 And layd greene rushes in his waye ;
 For the traitors thought that very night 35
 This worthye king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne ;
 To take his rest was his desire ;
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
 But his chamber was on a blaſing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall ;
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
 All underneath the castle wall.

Who have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd : 45
 Now answer me, that I may know.
 " King Henry the eighth my uncle was ;
 For his sweete sake some pitty shew."

Who

Who have we here? lord Bodwell sayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50
 " Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
 Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

Ile pitty thee as much, he sayd,
 And as much favour shew to thee,
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine. 55
 That day thou deemedst him to die †.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
 Through towers and castles that were bye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hanged him bye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard,
 How that the worthye king was slaine;
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England, 65
 And here her residence hath tane;
 And through the queene of Englands grace,
 In England now shee doth remaine.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authors, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*; a book in which are many fly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of those times, viz.

“ I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-
 “ lisb metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargafia, or
 “ the Gorgeous, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majes-
 “ ties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which
 “ figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most
 “ bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to
 “ be reserved for a last complement, and descibred by a la-
 “ dies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bew-
 “ tie of queenes †. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne
 “ lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within
 “ this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were scarce
 “ meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret
 “ factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie
 “ incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of in-
 “ novation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes
 “ by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie
 “ to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret
 “ practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and
 “ pacience

† She was at this time near three-score.

“ pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and
 “ sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the
 “ danger of their ambition and disloyaltie : which after-
 “ wards fell out most truly by th’ exemplary chaitisement of
 “ sundry persons, vwho in favour of the said Scot. Qu. de-
 “ clining from her majestie, scught to interrupt the quiet of the
 “ realme by many evill and undutifull practizes.”

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c.—It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intitled, *NUGÆ ANTIQUÆ*, Lond. 1769, 12mo. Where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be “ of her Highness own inditing. . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazard in so doing ; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time ; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing.” ***

THE doubt of future foes
 Exiles my present joy ;
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
 And subjects faith doth ebbe ;
 Which would not be if reason rul’d,
 Or wisdome wove the webbe.

But clowdes of joyes untried
 Do cloake aspiring mindes ;
 Which turn to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed windes.

10

The toppe of hope supposed
 The roote of ruthe will be ;
 And frutelesse all their grafted guiles,
 As shortly all shall see.

15

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
 Which great ambition blindes,
 Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
 Whose foresight falsehood finds.

20

The daughter of debate *,
 That discord ay doth sowe,
 Shal reape no gaine where former rule
 Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
 Shall ancre in this port ;
 Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
 Let them elsewhere resort.

25

Our rusty sworde with rest
 Shall first his edge employ,
 To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,
 Or gape for such like joy.

30

†† I

††† *I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.)*
 “ which (says he) our sovereign lady wrote in defiance of
 “ fortune.”

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
 Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 102. to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2. 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

*The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled, “ A new Ballad, declar-
 “ ing the great treason conspired agaist the young king of
 “ Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man,
 “ which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same,
 “ To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.” At the
 end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON.*

“ Im-

"Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in New-gate Market, over against Ch. Churcb," in black letter, folio.

This ELDERTON, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriff's courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est ftiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

See Stow's *Lond.* [Guild-ball.]—Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, by Oldys, Note B.] Abt. Ox.—Camden's *Remains.*—*The Exale-tation of Ale*, among Beaumont's *Poems*, 8vo. 1653.

OUT alas! what a griefe is this
That princes subiects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoeuer ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king? 5
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
 As proper a youth as neede to be,
 Well given to every happy thing,
 That can be in a kinge to see :
 Yet that unluckie country still,
 Hath people given to craftie will.
 Alas for woe, &c.

10

15

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
 A posset was made to give the king,
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
 And that it was a poysoned thing :
 She cryed, and called piteouslie ;
 Now help, or els the king shall die !
 Alas for woe, &c.

20

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
 Out of the doores in hafte to flie ;
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of a window he got at last.
 Alas for woe, &c.

25

He met the bishop coming fast,
 Having the posset in his hande :
 The sight of Browne made him aghast,
 Who bad him stoutly staine and stand.

30

With him were two that ranne away,
For feare that Browne would make a fray. 35
Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there?
Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he;
But a posset to make the king good cheore.
Is it so? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it wexe or woe, it shall be so;
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe:
Let me go on, take thou no care.
No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
A traitour for all Christiante: 50
Happe wele or woe, it shall be so;
Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery. 55
This was a posset indeed, quoth Brown!
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this, 60-
 He humbly fell upon his knee,
 And prayed God that he did misse
 To tast of that extremity :
 For that he did perceive and know,
 His clergie would betray him so : 65
 Alas for woe, &c.

Alas, he said, unhappy realme,
 My father, and grandfather slaine :
 My mother banished, O extreame !
 Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne ! 70
 And now like treason wrought for me,
 What more unhappy realme can be !
 Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
 And gave her twenty poundes a yeere ; 75
 And trustie Browne too in like case,
 He knighted him with gallant geere ;
 And gave him ' lands and' livings great,
 For dooing such a manlyfeat,
 As he did shewe, to the bishop's woe, 80
 Which made, &c.

When

¶. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5. 1571.

When all this treason done and past,
 Tooke not effect of trayterey ;
 Another treason at the last,
 They fought against his majestie : 85
 How they might make their kinge away,
 By a privie basket on a daye.
 Alas for woe, &c.

* Another time to sell the king
 Beyonde the seas they had decreed : 90
 Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
 And did prevent the same with speede.
 For a letter came, with such a charme,
 That they shoulde doo their king no harme :
 For further woe, if they did soe, 95
 Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
 Take heede you do not offend the king ;
 But shew yourselves like honest men
 Obediently in every thing : 100
 For his godmother * will not see
 Her noble childe misus'd to be
 With any woe ; for if it be so,
 She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
 In England, Scotland, every where : 105

P 2

That

* *Q. Elizabeth.*

That no such daunger may ensue,
 To put the prince or state in feare :
 That God the highest king may see
 Obedience as it ought to be, 110
 In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so
 To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho..

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart Earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring.

expiring, said, " You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, " You shall be as deep as I ;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Autb. vol. I. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,
Oh ! quhair hae ye been ?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley !
And quhairfore did you fae !
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the ba' ;
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

5

19

15

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the glave ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he was the Queenes lufe,

20.

Oh ! lang will his lady
 Luke owre the castle downe *,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum sounding throw the towne.

* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the CASTLE OR
 DOWNE, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

XVIII.

YOUNG WATERS.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Q. Anne, of Denmark is said to have shown for the BONNY EARL OF MURRAY ; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the Reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates library at Edinburgh.

“ The seventh of Febray, this yeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar,

“ Dunbar, sberiffe of Murray. It was given out and
 “ publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the
 “ instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King’s
 “ jealousie of Murray, qubum the Queene more rashely than
 “ wisely, some few days before had commendit in the
 “ King’s hearing, with too many epithets of a proper
 “ and gallant man. The reasons of these furnisces pro-
 “ ceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of
 “ Marche following; inhibiteine the young Earle of Mur-
 “ ray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father’s
 “ slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in
 “ the castell of Blackness for the same murther, was wil-
 “ ling to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing
 “ but by the King’s majesties commiffione; and was neither
 “ airt nor part in the murther †.”

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed
 not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world
 was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume,
 sister to the Earle of Hume, who died lately at Gibraltar.

A BOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A’! there is cum to our kings court
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw zoungh Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind, 10
 Ane mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
 And filler shod behind,
 The horse zoungh Waters rade upon
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
 Unto the queen faid he,
 O tell me quha's the fairest face
 Rides in the company.

I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
 And knights of high degree ;
 Bot a fairer face than zoungh Waters
 Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king,
 (And an angry man was he)
 O, if he had been twice as fair,
 Zou might have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she fays,
 Bot the king that wears the crown ;
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
 Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,
 Appeasd he wad nae bee ;
 Bot for the words which she had said
 Zoungh Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet ;

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep. 49

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
In the wind both and the weit ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town 45
In the wind both and the rain ;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill * :
His zoung son in his craddle,
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
His horse both and his saddle. 50

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see.
And for the words the Queen had spoke, 55
Zoung Waters he did dee.

XIX. M A-

* Heiding-hill; *i. e.* beheading [bebeheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Johnson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virgin by her name. See his Epitæne, first acted in 1609. Act 4. sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1. sc. 4. And his masque intituled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

— MARY AMBREE,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5. sub finem.

— “ My large gentlewoman, my MARY AMBREE,
“ bad I but seen into you, you should have bad another bad
“ fellow.” —

This

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c.

WHEN captaines couragious, whom death cold
not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major [†] was slaine in her sight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to shewe; 10
A faire shirt of male [‡] then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe she strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlet had shee; 15
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then

[†] So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.

[‡] A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the cloaths. It is mentioned by Spencer, who speaks of the Irish Gallowglases or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Skirt of Mail." (View of the State of Ireland.)

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
 Bidding all such as wolde, bee of her band,
 To wayt on her person came thousand and three :
 Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree ? 20

My souldiers so valiant and faithfull, shee sayd,
 Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd ;
 Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and thus they did say, 25
 Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
 Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
 Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughтен for life,
 With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife, 30
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free ;
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will see the worst of you all
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture so free : 35
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree.

Shee led upp her souldiers in battel arraye,
 Gainsi three times theyr number by breake of the daye ;
 Seven howers in skirmish continued shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ? 40

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
 And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott ;
 For one of her owne men a score killed shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent, 45
 Away all her pellets and powder had spent,
 Straight with her keen weapon shee flasht him in three :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
 At length she was forced to make a retyre ; 50
 Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee :
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree ?

Her foes they besett her on every fide,
 As thinking close siege shee cold never abide ;
 To beate down her walles they all did decree ; 55
 But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
 There daring the captaines to match any three :
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree ! 60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
 To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live ?
 Come yield thyselfe quickelye, or slaine thou must bee.
 Then smiled sweetlye faire Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65
 Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
 Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England ; behold in your sight
 Two brests in my bosome, and therfore noe knight: 70
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
 But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
 Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?
 If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee, 75
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne ;
 Hee wooed her and sued her his mistres to bee,
 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
 He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall :
 A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
 The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne, 85
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne :
 Therfore English captaines of every degree
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

" My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was
 " one of the queenes best swordsmen : he was a great
 " master of the art military I have heard it spoken,
 " that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to
 " the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of
 " her grace ; and it was his saying, and it did him no good,
 " that he was none of the REPTILIA ; intimating, that he
 " could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not
 " his element ; for indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he
 " was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the ob-
 " sequiousnesse and affiduitie of the court." (Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy) may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN says in the Dedicat. to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most couragious officers
 Were English captains three ;
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbey.

The next was captain Norris,
 A valiant man was hee :
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then
 Upon the bloody shore.

Stand to it noble pikemen,
 And look you round about :
 And shoot you right you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musquet and calliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'le be the formost man in fight,
 Says brave lord Willoughbey.

And

And then the bloody enemy 25
 They fiercely did assail,
 And fought it out most furiously,
 Not doubting to prevail ;
 The wounded men on both sides fell
 Most pitious for to see, 30
 Yet nothing could the courage quell
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

For seven hours to all mens view
 This fight endured sore,
 Until our men so feeble grew 35
 That they could fight no more ;
 And then upon dead horses
 Full favourly they eat,
 And drank the puddle water,
 They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,
 They kneeled on the ground,
 And praised God devoutly
 For the favour they had found ;
 And beating up their colours, 45
 The fight they did renew,
 And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
 A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave lord Willoughbey.

50

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay ;
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

55

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which echoed through the sky,
God, and St. George for England !
The conquerors did cry.

65

70

This

This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told 75
 Of this same victory :
 O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
 My love that ever won,
 Of all the lords of honour
 'Tis he great deeds hath done. 80

To th' fouldiers that were maimed,
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allow'd a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day,
 And from all costs and charges 85
 She quit and set them free,
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
 And never be dismay'd ;
 If that we be but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foraign enemies,
 And set our nation free :
 And thus I end the bloody bout 95
 Of brave lord Willoughbey.

XXI.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, tho' the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from "Cupid and "Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley] presented "Mar. 26. 1653. London printed 1653." 4to.

Victorious men of earth, no more
 Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
 Though you binde in every shore,
 And your triumphs reach as far
 As night or day,
 Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
 Death calls yee to the croud of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
 Each able to undo mankind,
 Death's servile emissaries are :
 Nor to these alone confin'd,
 He hath at will
 More quaint and subtle wayes to kill ;
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

5

10

15

XXII.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21. 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity : the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but miss'd of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the bands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm,

*A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country ;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.*

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was concerned

cerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their con-
quests,

Threatning our country with fire and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous

With as great plenty as Spain could afford.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums ; 5

Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas hastily went our lord admiral,

With knights courageous and captains full good ;

The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,

With him prepared to pass the salt flood. 10

Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,

Braver ships never were seen under sayle,

With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head,

Now bragging Spaniard, take heed of your tayle. 15

Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,

Where the kinges navy securelye did ride ;

Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,

Ere any Spaniards our coming descry'd. 20

Dub a dub, &c.

Great

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,

Which at that season was made in that place ;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;

To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25

Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,

And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;

There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shifft to scape thence away. 30

Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Philip, the prude of the Spaniards,

Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;

But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,

Wee took in fight manfullys and brought away. 35

Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Effex most valiant and hardye,

With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;

The Spaniards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,

Did fly for their safety, and durst not come down. 40

Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,

Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;

And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ;

But see the women and children you saye. 45

Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne ;
 We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on high,
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50
 Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richeſt men,
 For gold and treaſure we ſearched each day ;
 In ſome places we did find, pyeſ baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roſting, and folk run away. 55
 Dub a dub, &c.

Foll of ryche merchandize, every ſhop catch'd our eyes,
 Damasks and ſattens and velvets full fayre; [ſwords ;
 Which ſoldiers meaſur'd out by the length of their
 Of all commodities each had his ſhare. 60
 Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 March'd to the market place, where he did stand ;
 There many prisoners fell to our ſeveral ſhares,
 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde. 65
 Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general ſaw they delayed all,
 And would not ransome their towne as they ſaid,
 With their fair wanſcots, their presses and bedſteds,
 Their joint-ſools and tables a fire we made ; 70
 And when the towne burned all in a flame,
 With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXIII.

THE SPANISH LADY's LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth ; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man ?
Garments gay as rich as may be
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree. 5

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye ;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster
By the liking of an eye. 10
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

234 ANCIENT POEMS.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury.

Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,
O let me still sustain this kind captivity !

Gallant captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse ;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heaviness :
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should’st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy countrys foe ?
Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee :
Serpents lie where flowers grow.”
All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light.

Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground ;
If you may our foes be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found :
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your own.

“ Reft

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady ;

Rest you still, and weep no more ;

Of fair lovers there are plenty,

Spain doth yield you wonderous store.” 40

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,

But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,

Thou alone enjoyst my heart ;

I am lovely, young, and tender,

Love is likewise my desert :

Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;

The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

“ It would be a shame, fair lady,

For to bear a woman hence ;

English soldiers never carry

Any such without offence.” 50

I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,

And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go.

“ I have neither gold nor silver

To maintain thee in this case,

And to travel is great charges,

As you know in every place.” 55

My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own,

And eke* ten thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

“ On

“ On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from watery eyes.”
 Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee. 65

“ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
 Here comes all that breeds the strife ;
 I in England have already
 A sweet woman to my wife ; 70
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

“ O how happy is that woman
 That enjoys so true a friend !
 Many happy days God send her ;
 Of my suit I make an end : 75
 On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
 Which did from love and true affection first commence.

“ Commend me to thy lovely lady,
 Bear to her this chain of gold ;
 And these bracelets for a token ;
 Grieving that I was so bold : 80
 All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will

I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all his laws defye ;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee
Far from any company :
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !
Farewell too my heart's content !
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent :
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee !
" The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie." 95

XXIV.

A R G E N T I L E A N D C U R A N,

— *Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intituled, ALBION'S ENGLAND by WILLIAM WARNER : " An author (says a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan]. A tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with." [Muses library 8vo. 1738.] To this elogium nothing can be objected,*

objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

WARNER is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall * : in the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. More of his history is not known. Tho' now his name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age †. But Warner rather resembled OVID, whose Metamorphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And tho' he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity : as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond :

With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red :
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION'S ENGLAND here followed was printed in 4to, 1602 ; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet's own invention ; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was however so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, intitled, "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danke, and the fayre princeſſe Argentile, daughter and heire to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c. by WILLIAM WEBSTER, London 1617." in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.—This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common Ballad, " of the two young Princess

* Atben. Oxon.

† Ibid.

"Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse. See the collection of *Hig. Ballads*, 1727, 3 Vol. 12mo.

The poem is subdivided into stanzas; Warner's metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas conjuncted in the pauses.

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonue,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne ;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he fayes ;
By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
The mayetie is mine ;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I conjure thee,
To nourish, as thine owne,

5

10

15

Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne ;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatōr he dies ;
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he ' fosters for ' a time
The damsell that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven ;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love ;
But none might her obtaine ;
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome fought to gaine ;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love,
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe ?
His saint was kept in mewe ;

Nor

20

25

30

35

40

ANCIENT POEMS: 242

Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe:

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.

At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Access so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was,
She hussandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atchieve,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive;
At last his resolution was
Some peasant should her wife.

And (which was working to his wish)
 He did observe with joye
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
 Scapt many an amorous toye*. 70

The king, perceiving such his yeine,
 Promotes his vassal still,
 Left that the basenesse of the man
 Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Affured therefore of his love,
 But not suspecting who
 The lover was, the king himselfe
 In his behalf did woe. 75

The lady resolute from love,
 Unkindly takes that he
 Should barre the noble, and unto
 So base a match agree:

And therefore shifting out of doores,
 Departed thence by stealth ;
 Preferring povertie before
 A dangerous life in wealth. 85

When

* The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or foolery of love, 'scaped Curan ;" i. e. escaped from him being off his guard.

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguish in his hart
 Was more than much, and after her
 From court he did depart;

90

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he mist)
 The foundresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
 Or court; or stately townes,
 But solitarily to live
 Amongt the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
 Well pleased so to live,
 And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almost to the waine:
 But then began a second love,
 The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid;
 Where Curan kept his sheepe,
 Did feed her drove: and now on her
 Was all the shepherds keepe,

110

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy ruffets oft,
 And of the bacon's fat, to make
 His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend, 115

He left it at the folde :
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
 As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
 And cheese as white as snow, 120
 And wildings, or the seasons fruit
 He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
 And sheep-hooke lay him by,
 On hollow quilles of oten straw 125
 He piped melody.

But when he spyd her his saint,
 He wip'd his greadie shooes,
 And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
 And thus the shepheard wooes. 130

“ I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
 “ As good as tooth may chawe,
 “ And bread and wildings souling well,
 (And therewithall did drawe

His

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see 135
 " Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,
 " Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,
 " If I might tup with thee.

" Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
 " Too elvish and too coy : 140
 " Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
 " That such a flocke enjey ?

" I wis I am not: yet that thou
 " Doeſt hold me in disdaine
 " Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145
 " To all that keepe this plaine.

" There be as quaint (at least that thinke
 " Themſelves as quaint) that crave
 " The match, that thou, I wot not why,
 " Maift, but miſlik'ſt to have. 150

" How wouldest thou match ? (for well I wot,
 " Thou art a female) I,
 " Her know not here that willingly
 " With maiden-head would die.

" The plowmans labour hath no end, 155
 " And he a churle will prove :
 " The craftsman hath more worke in hand
 " Then fitteth unto love :

R 3

" The

Ver. 135. Eatting. PCC, Ver. 153. Her know I not her that. 1602.

“ The merchant, traffiquing abroad,

“ Suspects his wife at home :

160

“ A youth will play the wanton ; and

“ An old man prove a mome.

“ Then chuse a shepheard : with the sun

“ He doth his flocke unfold,

“ And all the day on hill or plaine

165

“ He merrie chat can hold ;

“ And with the sun doth folde againe ;

“ Then jogging home betime,

“ He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,

“ Or sings some merry ryme.

170

“ Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round

“ The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;

“ And fitteth singing care away,

“ Till he to bed be got :

“ Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,

175

“ Forgetting morrow-cares ;

“ Nor feares he blasting of his corne,

“ Nor uttering of his wares ;

“ Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,

“ Or cracke of credit lost :

180

“ Not

Ver. 169. i. e. roaſſes a crab, or apple.

Ver. 171. to tell, whilst

round the hole doth trot. Ed. 1597.

“ Not spending franklier than his flocke
 “ Shall still defray the cost.

“ Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
 “ More quiet nights and daies
 “ The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185
 “ Whose cattel he doth graize.

“ Believe me, lasse, a king is but
 “ A man, and so am I :
 “ Content is worth a monarchie,
 “ And mischiefs hit the hie ; 190

“ As late it did a king and his
 “ Not dwelling far from hence,
 “ Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
 “ For fair a matchless wench.” —
 Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
 Did egge him on to tell
 How faire she was, and who she was.
 “ She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

“ For beautie : though I clownish am,
 “ I know what beautie is ;
 “ Or did I not, at seeing thee,
 “ I fenceles were to mis.

* * *

“ Her stature comely, tall ; her gate 205
 “ Well graced ; and her wit
 “ To marvell at, not meddle with,
 “ As matchless I omit.

“ A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
 “ A forehead smooth, and hie, 210
 “ An even nose ; on either side
 “ Did shine a grayish eie ;

“ Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
 “ White just-set teeth within ;
 “ A mouth in meane ; and underneathe 215
 “ A round and dimpled chin.

“ Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
 “ Stood bolt upright upon
 “ Her portly shoulders : beating balles
 “ Her veined breasts, anon 220

“ Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
 “ Her middle falling still,
 “ And rising whereas women rise : ***
 “ — Imagine nothing ill.

“ And more, her long, and limber armes 225
 “ Had white and azure wrists ;
 “ And slender fingers aunswere to
 “ Her smooth and lillie fists.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 249

“ A legge in print, a pretie foot ;

“ Conjecture of the rest :

230

“ For amorous eies, observing forme,

“ Think parts obscured best.

“ With these, O raretie ! with these

“ Her tong of speech was spare ;

“ But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,

235

“ The balle from Ide to bear.

“ With Phœbe, Juno, and with both

“ Herselfe contends in face ;

“ Wheare equall mixture did not want

“ Of milde and stately grace.

240

“ Her smiles were sober, and her lookes

“ Were chearefull unto all :

“ Even such as neither wanton feeme,

“ Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.

“ A quiet minde, a patient moode,

245

“ And not disdaining any ;

“ Not gybing, gadding, gawdy : and

“ Sweete faculties had many.

“ A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,

“ Might praise, might wish, might see ; 250

“ For life, for love, for forme ; more good,

“ More worth, more faire than shee.

“ Yes

“ Yea such an one, as such was none,
 “ Save only she was such :
 “ Of Argentile to say the most,
 “ Were to be silent much.”

255

I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,
 The neatresse said : and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze
 The ‘ coate’ of beautie *. Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies

260

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
 But wherefore dost thou weepe ?
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
 And both doe silence keepe.

265

“ In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
 “ As seeming I professe :
 “ But then for her, and now for thee,
 “ I from myselfe digresse.

270

“ Her loved I (wretch that I am
 “ A recreant to be)
 “ I loved her, that hated love,
 “ But now I die for thee.

“ At Kirkland is my fathers const,
 “ And Curan is my name,

275

“ In
 * i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597. 1602. 1612. read, Coote.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 258.

“ In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
“ Till love contrould the same :

“ But now—what now ?—deare heart, how now ?

“ What ailest thou to weepe ?” 280

The damself wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much
That you did love so much :

But whom your former could not move, 285
Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee, 290
In passion not in person chaung'd,
And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end, 295
Did tenderly imbrace ;
And for their wedding, and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight ; 300

His force could none withstand :
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305
 In Argentile her right,
 He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
 Bernicia * too in fight ;

And so from trecherous Edel tooke
 At once his life and crowne, 310
 And of Northumberland was king,
 Long raigning in renowne.

* * During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

XXV.

CORIN'S FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient ; these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the editor's possession, written in the time of Q. Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN,

CORIN, most unhappy swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke ?
Little foode is on the plaine ;
Full of danger is the rocke :

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes ; 5
Forests tangled are with brakes :
Meadowes subject are to floodes ;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10
Hunger will as surely kill :
How may then relieve be found ?

Such is hapless Corins fate :
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate 15
What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed ;
Yet to speke will move disdaine :
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe ?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell ;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell. *

XXVI.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas MORE's history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

Now then by and by, as it wver for anger, nat for covete, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counseil with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world witt was true, and that nasehes every man laugbed at to here it then so sodainly so bigly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent prince, cleane and faultles of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in

" in her band. In which she went in countenance and pace
 " demure so womanly ; and albeit she was out of al array
 " save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, name-
 " lye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rul in
 " her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her
 " great shame wan her much praise among those that were
 " more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And
 " many good folke also, that bated her living, and glasd were
 " to se her corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then re-
 " joiced therin, when thei considerid that the protector pro-
 " cured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.
 " This woman was born in London, worshipfully frenched,
 " honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, having some-
 " what to soone ; her busbande an honest citizen, yonge, and
 " goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they
 " were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently
 " loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happily
 " the thinge, that the more easly made her encline unto the
 " king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect
 " of his roialtie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and
 " other wanton wealth, was able soone to perse a soft tender
 " bearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her
 " busband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his
 " good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her
 " up to him al together. When the king died, the lord
 " chamberlen [Hastings] toke her* : which in the kinges
 " daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare
 " her,

* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's *Feudera* is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Leicester, Oct. 23. 1483. wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking " Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who " not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and LIVED IN ACTUAL ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a bandle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. *Ferd.* tom. xij. pag. 204.

" her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfule
" ness.

" Proper she was, and faire : nothing in her body that you
" wold have changed, but if you would have wised her
" somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her
" youtbe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
" LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged:
" Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men
" should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her
" scalpe taken out of the charnel-houſe ; for now is she old,
" lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but rywilde skin,
" and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoſo wel ad-
" vise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how
" filled, wold make it a faire face.

" Yet delited not men ſo much in her bewty, as in her ple-
" ſant behaviour. For a proper wit had ſhe, and could bothe
" rede wel and write ; mery in company, redy and quick of
" aunſwer, neither mute nor ful of bable ; ſometime taunting
" without displeasure, and not without diſport. The king
" would ſay, That be bad three concubines, which in three
" diuers properties diuersly excelled. One the meriell, an-
" other the wilieſt, the thirde the bolieſt barlot in his realme,
" as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to
" any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer
" ſomewhat greater personages, and natheles of their bumilite
" content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of thoe pro-
" perties ; but the meriell was the Shoris wife, in whom the
" king therfore tooke ſpecial pleasure. For many be bad,
" but her be loved, whoſe favour, to ſai the trouth (for
" finne it wer to belie the devil) ſhe never abuſed to any
" mans burt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where
" the king tooke diſpleasure, ſhe wold mitigate and appeaſe
" his mind : where men were out of favour, ſhe wold bring
" them in his grace : for many, that had highly offendēd,
" ſhee obtained pardon : of great forfeitures ſhe gate men
" remiſſion : and finally in many weighty ſutes ſhe ſtoode many
" men in gret ſteſe, either for none or very ſmal rewardes,
" and thoſe rather gay than rich : either for that ſhe was
" content

“ content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she de-
 “ lised to be sued unto, and to shew what she was able to
 “ do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy
 “ be not alway covetous.

“ I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a
 “ thing to be written of, and set amone the remembraunces
 “ of great matters : which thei shal specially think, that
 “ happily shal esteme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER.
 “ But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be
 “ remembred, in how much she is NOW in the more beg-
 “ gerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance,
 “ after good substance, after as grete favour with the
 “ prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al those,
 “ that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other
 “ men were in their times, which be now famouse only by
 “ the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much
 “ lesse, albeit thei be mucbe lesse remembred because thei
 “ were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil
 “ turne, to write it in marble ; and who so doth us a good
 “ tourne, ave - write it in duste*. Which is not worst
 “ proved by her ; for AT THIS DAYE shée beggeth of ma-
 “ ny at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if
 “ shée had not bene.” See More’s workes, folio, bl. let.

1557. pag. 56. 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her portrait. “ Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark
 “ yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate
 “ bārmony being betwixt each part’s proportion, and each
 “ proportion’s colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her
 “ countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The pic-
 VOL. II. S ture

* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespeare that proverbial reflection, in Hen. viij. Act. 4. sc. 11.

“ Men’s evill manners live in bras : their virtues
 “ We write in water.”

Shakesp. in his play of Rich. III. follows More’s Hist. of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

" tare which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out
 " of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich
 " mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and setting
 " on a chaire, on which her naked arms did lie. What her
 " father's name was, or where she was borne, is not cer-
 " tainly knowne: but shere a young man of right goodly
 " person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after
 " the king had made her his concubine. Richard III.
 " causing her to do open penance in Paul's church-yard,
 " COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE
 " HER, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to
 " faine, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might
 " cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." See
England's Heroical epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond.
 1637. 12mo.

An original Picture of JANE SHORE almost naked is pre-
 served in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another pic-
 ture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cam-
 bridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have
 done friendly offices with EDWARD IV. A small quarto
Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by
 J. FABER.

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter
 copy in the Pepys coll. & ion. Its full title is, "The woefull
 " lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London,
 " sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune
 " of *LIVE WITH ME, &c.*" [See the first. volume.] To
 every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

Then maids and wives in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
 Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
 That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight ;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

5

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine ;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

10

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life ;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

15

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle ;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

20

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chaste love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd :

25

Yet Mistres Blague, a neighbour neare,
 Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
 Did saye, It was a gallant thing
 To be beloved of a king.

30

By her persuasions I was led,
 For to defile my marriage-bed,
 And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
 Whom I had married yeares before.

35

In heart and mind I did rejoice,
 That I had made so sweet a choice;
 And therefore did my state resigne,
 To be king Edward's concubine.

40

From city then to court I went,
 To reap the pleasures of content;
 There had the joyes that love could bring,
 And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,
 For Mrs. Blague I in short space
 Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

45

No friende I had but in short time
 I made unto promotion climbe;
 But yet for all this costlye pride,
 My husbande could not mee abide.

50

His bed, though wronged by a king,
 His heart with deadlye grieve did sting ;
 From England then he goes away
 To end his life beyond the sea.

55

He could not live to see his name
 Impared by my wanton shame ;
 Although a prince of peerlesse might
 Did reape the pleasure of his right.

60

Long time I lived in the courte,
 With lords and ladies of great forte ;
 And when I smil'd all men were glad,
 But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
 To helplesse people, that were poore ;
 I still redrest the orphans crye,
 And sav'd their lives condemn'd to dye.

65

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
 I succour'd babes of tender yeares ;
 And never look'd for other gaine
 But love and thankes for all my paine,

70

At last my royll king did dye,
 And then my dayes of woe grew nigh ;
 When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
 King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

75

I then was punish't for my sin,
 That I so long had lived in ;
 Yea, every one that was his friend,
 This tyrant brought to shamefull end. 80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
 That made a strumpet of a wife,
 I penance did in Lombard-street,
 In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me views, 85
 Who late in court my credit knewe ;
 Which made the teares run down my face,
 To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
 My goodes, my livings, and my fee, 90
 And charg'd that none should me relieve,
 Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
 To whom my jewels I had sent,
 In hope therebye to easē my want, 95
 When riches fail'd, and love grew scant ;

But she denied to me the same
 When in my need for them I came ;
 To recompence my former love,
 Out of her doores she did me shooe. 109

So love did vanish with my state,
 Which now my soul repents too late ;
 Thereforē example take by mee,
 For friendship parts in povertye.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105
 Whom I before had seen distrest,
 And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
 Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
 That he was hanged for that deed ; 110
 His death did grieve me so much more,
 Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
 Durst not afford mee any food ;
 Whereby I begged all the day, 115
 And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
 Were turn'd to simple garments old ;
 My chains and gems and golden rings,
 To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
 For leading such a wicked life ;
 Both sucking babes and children small,
 Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
 Whereby my hunger might be fed :
 Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
 Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
 I yielded up my vital strength 130
 Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
 Where carrion dogs did much frequent :

The which now since my dying daye,
 Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye *,
 Which is a witness of my sinne,
 For being concubine to a king. 135

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
 Be you assur'd that God is just ;
 Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,
 That yielded only to a king,
 How shall they scape that daily run
 To practise sin with every one ?

You

* Put it bad this name long before ; being so ca'lled from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stow.

You husbands, match not but for love, 145
 Left some disliking after prove ;
 Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives :
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

XXVII.

CORYDON's DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of princely delights."

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects; and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shake-spear's *Tempest*,

" Full fadom five thy father lies,
 " Of his bones are corall made ;
 " Those are pearles that were his eyes ;
 " Nothing of him, that doth fade,
 " But doth suffer a sea-change
 " Into something rich and strange :

" *Sea-*

" Sea-nymphs baurly ring bis knell,
 " Harke now I beare them, Ding dong bell."

[“Burthen, Ding dong.”]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air in a manner the most solemn and expressive of melancholy.

MY Phillida, adieu love !
 For evermore farewel !
 Ay me ! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5
 My Phillida is dead !
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
 Our bridal bed was made : 10
 But 'stead of filkes so gay,
 She in her shroud is laid.
 Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
 By maides in fair array,
 Till th' obsequies are ended,
 And she is wrapt in clay. 15
 Ding, &c.

Her

Her herse it shall be carried
 By youths, that do excell ;
 And when that she is buried,
 I thus will ring her knell,
 Ding, &c.

20

A garland shall be framed
 By art and natures skill,
 Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
 In token of good-will † :
 Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
 On it I will bestow ;
 But chiefly black and yellowe *
 With her to grave shall go.
 Ding, &c.

25

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen,
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.
 Ding, &c.

30

Instead

† It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

* See above, preface to No. XI, Book II.

Instead of fairest colours,
 Set forth with curious art *,
 Her image shall be painted
 On my distressed heart.

35

Ding, &c.

* And thereon shall be graven
 " Her epitaph so faire,
 " Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 " That e'er gave shepheard care.
 Ding, &c.

40

In fable will I mourne ;
 Blacke shall be all my weede,
 Ay me ! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead.

Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45
 My Phillida is dead !

I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

* This alludes to the painted effigies of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



RELIQUES
OF ANCIENT POETRY,
etc.
SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

I shall begin this THIRD Book with an old allegoric Satire: A manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

On

ON THE METRE

OF

PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius (*a*), that the ancient Icelandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples (*b*).

“ *Meire og Minne
Mogu heimdaller.*”

“ *Gab Ginunga
Ean Gras hugre.*”

There were many other little niceties observed by the Icelandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic

(*a*) *Literatura Runica*. Hafnia 1636. 4to.—1651. Fol. The ISLANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. Vid. *Hickesii Praefat.* in *Grammat. Anglo-Saxon. & Mopft-Goth.* 4to. 1689.

(*b*) Vid *Hickesii Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional.* Tom. 1. p. 217.

Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters: (c).

“ *Skeop tha and Skyrede
Skyppend ure.*”

“ *Ham and Heahsetl
Heofena rikes.*”

I know not however that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLowMAN’s VISIONS, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

“ *In a Somer Season, | when ‘hot (d) was the Sunne,*
“ *I Shope me into Sbroubs, | as I a Sbepe were;*
“ *In Habite as an Harmet | unHoly of werkes,*
“ *Went Wyde in thy world | Wonders to heare, &c.*

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals: tho’

(c) Ibid.

(d) So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either ‘soft,’ as in MS. or ‘set,’ as in PCC.

tho' the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these *VISIONS OF PIERCE* [i. e. Peter] the *PLOWMAN*, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of *xx Passus* or *Breaks* (*e*), exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcester-shire. The author excels in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour spirit and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by *Robert Crowley dwelling in Elye rentes in Hertf. Buryng*. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the second impression, tho' they contain evident variations in every page (*f*). The other is said to be newlye imprented after the authors olde copy . . . by *Owen Rogers*, Feb. 21. 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the *Visions* is subjoined a poem, which

(*e*) The poem properly contains *xxi* parts: the word *Passus*, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. 3. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Parte*.

(*f*) That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprented by Robert Crowley*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde time imprented by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 39, 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. &c. The booksellers of those days were not ostentatious of multiplying editions.

which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled *PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE*. It begins thus,

“Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning sped
 “For the Faders Frendshipe, that Fourmed heaven,
 “And through the Special Spirit, that Sprong of hem tweyne,
 “And al in one godhed endles dwelleth.”

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend 'drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living (g). Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems (b), two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (tho' perhaps the latest written) is intitled *THE SIEGE OF TERYLAM*, [i. e. Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,

“In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour
 “Syr Sesar hymself . beSted in Rome

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T

“Whyll

(g) Signature . 65.

(b) Caligula A. ij. fol. 109. 123.

" Whylil Pyht was Proffesse, under that Pyfice ryche,
 " And Jewes Justice also . of Judes londe.
 " Herode under empere . as Herytage wold
 " Kyng, &c.

The other is intituled CHEVALLER ASSTRENE [or De Cigne], that is " The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romante, beginning thus,

" Al-Weldynge God . Whene it is his Wylle
 " Wele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene Homic
 " For ofte Homic were Hente, that Helpes wene mynke
 " Nere the Myznes of Hym . that lengtheth in Hervene
 " For this, &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays (i) is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, " newly translated out of Freanshe into Englyshe, at thinstigacion of the puyaunt and illustryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it seems had a peculiar interest in the book, for in the preface the translator tells us, that this " highe dygne and illustryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, defyryng codyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of such as were reluctant in vertuous feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and styre every lusty and gentell herte by the exemplifacoyn of the same, havyng a goodli booke of the highe and miraculous histori of a famous and puyaunt kynge, named Oryant, sometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the sea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome she conceyved fixe sonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only time;

“ time; “ at whose byrthe echone of them had a
 “ chayne of sylver at their needles, the whiche were
 “ all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte
 “ swannes (sawe one) of the whiche this present hystory
 “ is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the
 “ swanne, OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCEDED MY
 “ SAYDE LORDE. The whiche ententify to have the
 “ fayde hystory more amply and unyversally knownen
 “ in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of
 “ hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti
 “ servaantes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde
 “ (k) to put the said vertuous hystori in prynce at
 “ whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland)
 “ have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to re-
 “ duce and translate it into oar maternal and vulgare
 “ english tonge after the capacete and rudenesse of
 “ my weke entendement.” ——A curious picture of
 the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts
 were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under
 Leo X. the first peer of this realm was proud to de-
 rive his pedigree from a fabulous KNIGHT OF THE
 SWAN (l).

To return to the Metre of *Pierce Plowman*: In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intituled DEATH AND LIFE, (in 2 fits or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for ought that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs,

T 2

a dist.

(k) W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames. p. 92. Mr. G's copy is “ Imprinted at London by me William Copland.

(l) He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, thro' whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded, May 27, 1521. 23 Hes. VIII.

a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the poem, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

“ *Christ Christen king,*
 that on the *Crosse* tholed;
 “ *Hadd Paines and Passyons*
 to defend our soules;
 “ *Give us Grace on the Ground*
 the *Greatlye* to serve,
 “ *For that Royall Red blood*
 that *Rann* from thy side.”*

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between “ our lady Dame LIFE,” and the “ ugly fiend Dame DEATH;” who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame LIFE is,

“ *Shee was Brighter of her Blee,*
 then was the Bright sonn:
 “ *Her Rudd Redder then the Rose,*
 that on the *Rise* hangeth:
 “ *Meekelye smiling with her Mouth,*
 And *Merry* in her lookes;
 “ *Ever Laughing for Love,*
 as *free* *Like* would.
 “ *And as shee came by the Bankes,*
 the *Boughes* *eche* *one*
 “ *They Lowted to that Ladye,*
 and *Layd* *forth* *their branches;*
 “ *Blossomes, and Burgens*
Breathed *full* *sweete;*
 “ *Flowers*

“ Flowers flourished in the Frith,
where shee Forth stepped;
“ And the Graffe, that was Gray,
Greened heilve.”

DEATH is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 28th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in pag. 28. that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus :-

Grant Gracious God,
Grant me this time, &c.

It is intitled SCOTTISH FRIELDE (in 2 PARTS, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9. 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural,

“ Then we Tild downe our Tents,
that Told were a thousand.”

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself,

“ He was a Gentleman by Yesu,
that this Geft made:
“ Which Say but as he Sayd (m)
for Sooth and noe other.

(m) Probably corrupted for—‘ Says but as he Saw.’

" At Bagily thit Beare
 his Biding place had;
 " And his ancestors of old time
 have yearded (n) theire longe,
 " Before William Conquerour
 this County did inhabit.
 " Jesu Bring 'them (o)' to Bliffe,
 that Brought us forth of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land};
 " That hath Harkened me Hare
 or Heard my ~~call~~ ^{call}."

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, and had belonged to the ancient family of LICH for two centuries before the battle of BLODDEW. Indeed that the author was of that county appears from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those, who were desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as

(n) Yearded, i. e. buried, earthed, easded. It is common to pronounce "Earth," in some parts of England "Yearth," particularly in the North.—Pitscottie speaking of James III. slain at Bannock-bourn, says, " Nac man wot whar they ygarded him."

(o) 'us.' MS.

inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of *Pierce Plowman* (p.).

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of *SCOTTISH FIELD*, we see, concludes his poem with a *Couplet of Rhymes*: this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more mediæval ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of *LITTLE JOHN NODDY* exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common *Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse* (q.), now

(p) And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

(q) Consisting of four Anapests (u u -) in which the Accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the *Burlesque Alexandrine* (to distinguish it from the other *Alexandrines* of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, p. 140. &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of *Langland's*, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal Alliterations adopted by *Langland*, he rather chose final Rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen.

" The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,
 " Scye kingdoms made in Engelonde, and sythe but viye:
 " The king of Nercumberlond, and of Eastangle also,
 " Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, thereto."

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers,

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of CONSCIENCE, and in that well-known doggrel,

“ A cobler there was, and he lived in a stall.”

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity: their grand Heroic Verse of twelve syllables (r) is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francie poets, stript like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme: But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state, (s) as

who resided in the metropolis or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

(r) Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables, altho' the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, &c.; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Ld. Surrey we also owe the first introduction of Blank Verse in his Versions of the Eneid.

(s) Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though regularly it consists of 4 Anapests (u u -) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest; and sometimes from both: as in these instances from PRIOR, and from the following Song of CONSCIENCE.

Whō hās cēr beān āt Pāris, māst nēeds knōw thē Grēve,

Thē fātāl rētreat ūf th' ūnfōrtūnātē brāve.

Hē stēpt tō hīm strāight, ānd dīd hīm rēquīre,

as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion ; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables ; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible ; and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original ; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors : which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistiches. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistiches to two distinct and independent verses : and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistiches rhyme to each other (t).

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony ; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers ; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which cannot

(t) See Instances in *L' Histoire de la Poésie Françoise par Massieu, &c.* In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses.

cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets confronted with parallels from the ancient poem of LIFE AND DEATH; in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

L'ſſuccès ſoit toujouſs | ſin ſuſſer d' l' ſuſſe;
All ſhall drye with the daints | that I dæl with my händs.

L' bōnneſſe prædene wæt nōp | l' illation luſſe,
Yeadſe dānſel l' dænſe | that dræſſeth her to ſuſſe.

L' iſtræpidſe wæt miſſe | d' l' fænkleſſe fæt.†.
Whēn ſhē dōleſ ſūlly ſāw. | hōw ſhē dāng dōwne hir ſelkē.

Mēme qūx yeux d' l' iñjūſte | ūn iñjūſte ſiſt bōrriblē †.
Thēn ſhē cāſt ūp a crȳe | to the hīgh kīng of hēavēn.

Dă mēſōngē toſſouſs | l' vrāi dēmēurē māitrē,
Thōu ſhālt bittērlyē bȳe | d'r elſe the bōokē fālēth.

Pour pārōtre bānnēbe bōmme | ūn ūn mōt, il ſāut l' ūtre †.
Thāſ I fāred thrōughe a ſtȳthe | whēre the flōwērs wēre mānye,

To conclude; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of relation with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its pause, and the contrivance of its pause. So that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

THE

The following Song intitled THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE, is printed from the Editor's folio Manuscript: Some corruptions in the old Copy are here corrected; but not without notice to the Reader, where it was necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'Commas.'

AS I walked of late by an wood side,
To God for to meditate was mine entent;
Where under an hawthorne I suddenlye spyd
A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
With bloody teares his face was besprent,
His fleshe and his color consumed away,
And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This madè me muse, and much ' to' defire
To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
I stopt to him straight, and did him require
His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
His head he cast up, and woofal was hee,
My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd me sit downe,
And I will, saith he, declare my whole greefe; 16
My name is called, CONSCIENCE:—wheratt he did
frowne,
He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
‘ Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denied all releef,’
‘ Yet’

• Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 29
 I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres,

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
 For with the kinges councell I sate in commission ;
 Dukes, earles, and barons esteem'd of my name ;
 And how that I liv'd there, needs no repetition : 25
 I was ever holden in honest condition,
 For how-e'er the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
 When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
 But one pore peny, that was their fine ; 30
 And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
 The poore wold doe nothing without councell mine ;
 I ruled the world with the right line :
 For nothing ' ere' passed betweene foe and friend,
 But Conscience was called to bee at the end. 35

Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold make
 But I was called a witnesse thereto :
 No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
 But I wold controule them, if that they did soe :
 • And' that makes me live now in great woe, 40
 For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
 That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names ' thus they call'
 That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside :

They

They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-fall; 45
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
 And ' now ever since' abroad have I tryed
 To have had entertainment with some one or other;
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to Court the gallants to winne, 50
 But the porter kept me out of the gate:
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,
 They bade me goe packe, itt was fit for my state;
 Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
 With whom I ever esteemed have been. 56

Then went I to London, where once I did ' dwell':
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name;
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell!
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame; 60
 They laught at my ragg's, and there had good game;
 This is old thread-bare Conscience, that dwelt with
 saint Peter:
 But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know;
 I having but one poor pennye in my purse, 65
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow;
 For I thought better cobble shooes than to doe worse:
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,

And

And by Statute wold prove me a boist, and forlorn,
And whipp me out of towne to seeke where I was
borne.

70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
The Court of Conscience where once I did sit,
Not doubting but there I favor shold find,
Sith my name and the place agreed soe fit ;
But sure of my purpose I fayled a whit,

79

For 'thoughte' the judge us'd my name in every com-
mission,

The lawyers with their quillets wold get my dismission.

Then Westminster-hall was no place for me ;
Good lord ! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee !
The silly poore clarkes began to tremble ;
I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble ;
Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

80

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away, 85
Dost thou remember how we thee fond ?
We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
And sett thee on shore in the New-found land ;
And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us ;
For when we wold reape here thou woldst accuse us.

Then

Then had I noe way, but for to goe on
 To Gentlemens houles of an antyent name ;
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
 Telling how their forefathers held me in fame : 25
 And at letting their farmes ' how always I came'.
 They sayd, Fye upon thee ! we may thee curse :
 Theire leases continue, and we fare the worse.

And then I was forced a beggynge to goe
 To husbandmens houses, who grieved right sore, 100
 And sware that their landlords had plagued them soe,
 Thet they were not able to keepe open dore,
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore :
 Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
 Where hepps and hawes, it is my best fare. 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
 Of Mertye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds ;
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
 We are all put to silence, and live upon weeds,
 And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds : 110
 Our banishment is its utter decay,
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
 To goe to the Clergie ; for daylie they preach
 Eche man to love you above all the rest ; 115
 Of Mercye and Pittye and Almes-deeds they teache.
 O, said he, noe matter a pin what they preache,

For their wives and their children soe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives alms they will * give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
First, said he, banish Pride, then England were blest;
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land, 125
And then geod house-keeping wold revive out of hand.

* *We ought in justice and trust to read 'can'.*

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany intitled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?

And

And that you keep such gazing
On this decayed place,
The which, for superstition,
Good princes down did raze ?

5

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee, by my vazen *,
That zometimes che have knowne
A vair and goodly abbey
Stand here of bricke and stone ;
And many a holy vrier,
As ich may say to thee,
Within these goodly cloysters
Che did full often zee.

10

15

TRUTH.

Then I must tell thee, father,
In truthe and veritiè,
A sorte of greater hypocrites
Thou couldst not likely see ;
Deceiving of the simple
With false and feigned lies :
But such an order truly
Christ never did devise.

20

IGNORANCE.

Ah ! ah ! che zmell thee now, man ;
Che know well what thou art ;

25

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* i. e. faithen : as in the Midland counties they say boosen, clo'en, for
bousies, cloes. A.

A yellow of mean learning,
 Thee was not worth a vart :
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then ;
 And every thing was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

30

TRUTH.

Thou giveft me an anfwer,
 As did the Jewes fometimes
 Unto the prophet Jeremye,
 When he accus'd their crimes :
 'Twas merry, fayd the people,
 And joyfull in our rea'me,
 When we did offer spice-cakes
 Unto the queen of heav'n.

35

40

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee what, good yellowe,
 Before the vriers went hence,
 A bushell of the best wheate
 Was zold vor vourteen pence ;
 And vorty egges a peany,
 That were both good and newe ;
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

45

TRUTH.

Within the facred bible
 We find it written plain,

50

The

The latter days should troublesome
 And dangerous be, certaine ;
 That we should be self-lovers,
 And charity wax colde ;
 Then 'tis not true religion
 That makes thee grief to holde.

55

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
 And choul'd that well ye knewe,
 Ich care not for the bible booke ;
 Tis too big to be true.
 Our blessed ladyes psalter
 Zhall for my moneye goe ;
 Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee*,
 The bible cannot zhowe.

60

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulie,
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our lady,
 Or Romish faint we read :
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was,
 And not by simple persons,
 As was the foolish masse.

65

70

* Probably alluding to the illuminated *Psalters*, *Missals*, &c.

IGNORANCE.

Cham zure they were not voolishe
 That made the masse, che trowe :
 Why, man, 'tis all in Latine,
 And voels no Latine knowe. 75
 Were not our fathers wise men,
 And they did like it well ;
 Who very much rejoyned
 To heare the zacring bell ? 80

TRUTH.

But many kinges and prophets,
 As I may say to thee,
 Have wiþt the light that you have,
 And could it never see :
 For what art thou the better 85
 A Latin song to heare,
 And understandest nothing,
 That they sing in the quiere ?

IGNORANCE.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
 The noise was passing trim
 To heare the vriers zinging,
 As we did enter in :
 And then to zee the rood-loft
 Zo bravely zet with zaints ;—
 But now to zee them wandring
 My heart with zorrow vaints. 95

TRUTH.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,

No image thou shouldest make,

Nor that unto idolatry.

You should your self betake :

The golden calf of Israel

Moses did therefore spoile ;

And Baal's priests and temple

Were brought to utter foile.

100

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham

Was a pure and holy zaint,

And many men in pilgrimage

Did shew to her complaint ;

Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,

And many other moe ;

The holy maid of Kent * likewise

Did many wonders zhewe.

105

110

TRUTH.

Such saints are well agreeing

To your profession sure ;

And to the men that made them

So precious and so pure ;

The one for being a traytoure,

Met an untimely death ;

115

U 3

The

* By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap. 21. 1534. Stow, p. 570.

The other eke for treason
Did end her hateful breath.

120

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
Dispraise them how you will :
But zure they did much goodnesse ;
Would they were with us stille !
We had our holy water,
And holy bread likewise,
And many holy reliques
We saw before our eyes.

125

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
With vain and empty shewe,
Which never Christ commanded,
As learned doctors knowe :
Search then the holy scriptures,
And thou shalt plainly see
That headlong to damnation
They alway trained thee.

130

135

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good yellowe,
As thou dost say to mee,
Unto my heavenly fader
Alone then will I flee :

140

Be-

Believing in the Gospel,
 And passion of his zon,
 And with the zubtil papistes
 Ich have for ever done.

III.

T H E W A N D E R I N G J E W.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith?" The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, say-

ing, “Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?” Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, “I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.” Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person.” This is the substance of Matthew Paris’s account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet’s dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. 2. Book 3. Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburg in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ’s crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
His own deare life did give ;
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest. 5

When

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10
 In scornfull sort they led him forthe
 Unto his dying place ;
 Where thousand thousands in the streete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the streete he wente,
 And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
 By every ones consente : 20
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to fainte,
 With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
 To ease his burthened soule, 25
 Upon a stome ; the which a wretch
 Did churlishly controule ;
 And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here ; 30
 Passe on ; thy execution place
 Thou feest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;
 At which our Saviour sayd,

I sure

I fare will rest, but thou shalt walke,

35

And have no journey stayed.

With that this cursed Shoemaker,

For offering Christ this wrong,

Left wife and children, house and all,

And went from thence along.

40

Where after he had seene the bloude.

Of Jesus Christ thus shed,

And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,

Awaye with speed he fled

Without returning backe againe

45

Unto his dwelling place,

And wandred up and downe the worlde,

A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,

No ease, nor hearts content;

50

No house, nor home, nor biding place:

But wandring forth he went

From towne to towne in foreigne landes,

With grieved conscience still,

Repenting for the heinous guylt

55

Of his fore-past ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past

In wandring up and downe;

He much again desired to see

Jerusalem's renowne,

60

But

But finding it all quite destroyd,
 He wandred thence with woe,
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
 To verefe and shewe.

“ I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke,” 65

So doth this wandring Jew
 From place to place, but cannot rest
 For seeing countries newe ;
 Declaring still the power of him,
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70
 And of all things done in the east,
 Since Christ his death, he shewes.

The world he hath still compast round
 And seene those nations strange,
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75
 Their idol gods doe change :
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
 Of time forepast, and gone,
 And to the princes of the worlde
 Declares his cause of moane : 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
 And yeild his mortal breath ;
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
 He shall not yet see death.
 For neither lookes he old nor young, 85
 But as he did those times,

When

When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,

Arabia, Egypt, Africa,

90

Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,

And throughout all Hungaria :

Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,

Those blest apostles deare ;

There he hath told our Saviours wordes,

95

In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,

With many a German towne ;

And now in Flanders, as tis thought,

He wandreth up and downe :

100

Where learned men with him conferre

Of those his lingering dayes,

And wonder much to heare him tell

His journeys, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,

105

The most that he will take

Is not above a groat a time :

Which he, for Jesus' sake,

Will kindlye give unto the poore,

And thereof make no spare,

110

Affirming still that Jesus Christ

Of him hath dailye care.

He

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,

But weepe and make great moane;

Lamenting still his miseries,

115

And dayes forepast and gone:

If he heare any one blasphemē,

Or take God's name in vaine,

He telles them that they crucifie

Their Saviour Christe againe.

120

If you had seene his death, saith he,

As these mine eyes have done,

Ten thousand thousand times would yee

His torments think upon:

And suffer for his sake all paine

125

Of torments, and all woes.

These are his wordes and eke his life

Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

T H E L Y E,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

—is found in a very scarce miscellany intitled “*Davison's Poems, or a poeticall Rapsodie diuided into sixe books The*

" The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and
 " put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621.
 " 12mo." This poem is reported to have been written by
 its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29.
 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least
 two editions of Davison's poems before that time, one in
 1608 * : the other in 1611 †. So that unless this poem
 was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been
 written long before the death of Sir Walter : perhaps it was
 composed soon after his condemnation in 1603. See Olay's
 life of Sir W. Raleigh, pag. 173. fol.

GOE, soule, the bodies guest,
 Upon a thankeleffe arrant ;
 Feare not to touche the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye. 5

Goe tell the court, it glowes
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Goe tell the church it showes
 What's good, and doth no good : 10
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others' actions ;
 Not lov'd unlesse they give,
 Not strong but by their factious ; 15
 If

* Catalog. of T. Rawlinson 1727.

† Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.

ANCIENT POEMS. 303

If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate ;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending ;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;
Tell love it is but lust ;
Tell time, it is but motion ;
Tell flesh, it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters ;
Tell beauty, how she blasphemeth ;
Tell favour, how she falters ;

And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse ;
Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herselfe in over-wisenesse ;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse ;
Tell skill, it is pretension ;
Tell charity of coldness ;
Tell law, it is contention ;
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindnesse ;
Tell nature of decay ;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse ;
Tell justice of delay :
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming ;
Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming :

If

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 305

If arts and schooles reply, 65
Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie ;
Tell how the countrey erreth ;
Tell, manhood shakes off pitie ;
Tell, vertue leaſt preferreth : 70
And, if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou haſt, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lye 75
Deserves no leſs than ſtabbing,
Yet ſtab at thee who will,
No ſtab the ſoule can kill.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

*In the former edition of this book were inserted, by way
of ſpecimen of his majefty's poetic talents, ſome Punning
Verses made on the diſputations at Sterlinc: but it having
been ſuggested to the editor, that the king only gave the
VOL. II. X quibbling*

quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre*; it was thought proper to exchange them for two SONNETS of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS
SON PRINCE HENRY:

From K. James's works in folio: Where is also printed another called his Majesty's own Sonnet; it would perhaps be too' cruel to infer from thence that this was NOT his Majesty's own Sonnet.

GOD gives not kings the stile of Gods in vain,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey:

And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happy reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king;
And from his law make all your laws to spring;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine;
Represse the proud, maintayning aye the right;
Walke always so, as ever in his sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophan.

And

* See a folio intitled "The Muses welcome to King James."

And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie king divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER
WHICH HINDRED THE SPORTS AT NEW-
MARKET IN JANUARY 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.

HOW cruelly these catives do conspire?
What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
Betwixt the cankred king of Crete land *,
That melancholy old and angry fire,

And him, who wont to quench debate and ire 5
Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd †?
But now his double face is still dispos'd,
With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
Refuses food to fowl, to bird and beast: 10
The chilling cold lets every thing to grow;
And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.

Curs'd be that love and mought † continue short,
Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport:

K 2

VI. K.

* *Saturn.*† *Janus.*‡ *i. e. may it.*

VI.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled "KING JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intitled, "KING OLPREY AND THE ABBOT." Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the Bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this stinging moral,

" Unlearned men hard masters are can find,
" When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."

The

* See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 3 vol. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes OLPREY to be a corruption of ALFRED, in his pamphlet concerning the WALTER HORSE in Berkshire, p. 15.

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

A N ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renoune,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about. 10

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'ſt treason against my crown. 15

My liege, quo' the abbot, I wou'd it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere. 20

THE ANCIENT POEMS.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye ;
For except thou canst answer me questions thre,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy hodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birtthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about ; 30
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your gracie as yet :
But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
Ile do my endeavour to answer your gracie.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou haft to live ;
For if thou doest not answere my questions thre,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;
But never a doctour there was so wise,
That could with his learning answere devise.

Then

ANCIENT POEMS. 31

Then home rode the abbot so cold, 45
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
What newes do you bring us from good king John ?

“ Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live : 50
For if I do not answer him questions thre,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth, 55
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.” 60

Now cheare up, faire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

Now horses, and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope."

70

Now welcome, fire abbot, the king he did say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day ;
For an if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

75

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

80

" For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told ;
And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke, thou art one penny worser than hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel * , 85
I did not think I had been worth so littel !
—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about.

" You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe ; 90

And

* Meaning probably St. Botolph.

And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!

—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury ;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place !

" Now naye, my liege, be not in such spedee,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

This little Sonnet was written by Sir HENRY WOTTON Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5. 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the Reliquæ Wottonianæ 1651. with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfie our eies
 More by your number, then your light ;
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the Sun shall rise ?

5

Ye

Ye violets that first appeare,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the Spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the Rose is blown ? 10

Ye curios chaunters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents : what's your praise,
 When Balaamell her voyce shall raiſe ? 15

So when my mistris shal be ſcene
 In ſweetneſſe of her looks and minde ;
 By virtue firſt, then choyce a queen ;
 Tell me, if ſhe was not deſign'd
 Th' eclypſe and glory of her kind ? 20

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old ſong, the ſubject of which is a compariſon between the manners of the old gentry, as ſtill ſubſiſting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected

VII.

YET MEANER BEAUTIES.

The last Sonnet was written by Sir Henry W. Grey, in the name of Prince Elizabeth daughter and wife of the Duke of Clarence, who was King of Scotland, Aug. 1. 1617. The consequences of this action are well known: Sir Henry Weston, who in the following year was employed in general and Germany in behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have an unanimous attachment to her merit and fortune a poor man a very worth a thousand pounds, i. verba: non in ore Emperor, "because it came to him in his royal master's the Queen of Bohemia King, Britain.

This song is printed from the Reliquiae Wottonianae, with some additions from an old MS. copy.

YET meaner beauties of the night,
Which poorly fascinate our eyes
More by your number, then your light;
You common people of the skies,
What are you to the Sun full ripe?

RECENT POEMS 318

recently exposed,
irreversible materials become
less & less of the year,
the year all one day,
most of time is known.

66

b,

is,
is,
vn

od

nd,
, be

in

sett'd by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intituled, "Le Prince d' amour." 1660. 8vo.

A N old song made by an aged old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great
 estate,
 That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages ;
 They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
 And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
 nor pages,
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
 With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him
 by his looks.
 With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
 And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old
 cooks ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had born many
 shrewde blows,
 And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hofe,
 And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmasse was come,
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
 That never hawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
 bounds,
 And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
 pounds ;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assignd',
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
 kind :
 But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
 clin'd ;
 Like a young courtier of the king's,
 And the king's young courtier.

Like

318 ANCIENT POEMS.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his
land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command;
And takes up a thousand pound upon his fathers land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
stand;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare;
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,
or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one
stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no
good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherin burns neither coal
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals
ne'er stood;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stufst full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With

ANCIENT POEMS. 316

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and
toys;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new portér John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is compleat,

With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
the meat,

With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
gold,

For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so
cold,

Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

IX.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accounted, that it cost him 12,000l. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine heavy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany, intitled, "Musarum deliciae: or the muses recreation, containing several pieces of poetique wit. 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656. 12mo."—[See Wood's Athenea. II. 397. 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

“ But now there is peace, he’s return’d to increase
 “ His money, which lately he spent-a,
 “ But his lost honour must lye still in the dust ;
 “ At Barwick away it went-a.”

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
 To Scotland for to ride-a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
 To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5
 With halfe so gay a bravado,
 Had you seen but his look, you’d have sworn on a book,
 Hee’d have conquer’d a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
 So gallant and warlike a fight-a, 10
 And as he pass’d by, they said with a figh,
 Sir John, why will you go fight-a ?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr’d on ;
 His heart would not relent-a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear ? 15
 Or why should he repent-a ?

The king (God bless him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a :
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Wart-a.
 But when there were shaws of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was so nothing pert-a.

For when the Scots ~~were~~ ^{did} come within sight,
 And all prepared to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe th' te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a,
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his ~~feare~~ ^{feare}, he was sent to the reane,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a;
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away,
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

Ver. 22. JOHN DE WART was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vett. See Bayle's dict.

X.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the house of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athene, Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, "Lucreta, 1649. 12mo." collated with a copy in the editor's folio MS.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her haire,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the aire,
Knew no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames, 10
 Our careleſſe heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirſty griefe in wine we ſteep'e,
 When healths and draughts goe free,
 Fishes, that tipple in the deepe, 15
 Know no ſuch libertie.

When, linnet-like, confined I
 With shriller note ſhall fing
 The mercye, ſweetnes, majeftye,
 And glories of my king ; 20
 When I ſhall voyce aloud how good
 He is, how great ſhould be,
 Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
 Know no ſuch libertie.

Stone walls doe not a paſon make, 25
 Nor iron barres a cage,
 Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my ſoule am free, 50
 Angels alone, that ſoare above,
 Enjoy ſuch libertie.

XI. THE

Ver. 10. with woe-allaying themes. MS. Thames is here uſed for water in general.

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the barge of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity) could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times : For in 1647 it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17, was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king ; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins and Rich. Chaloner, suffered death July 5. 1643. Vid. Atb. Ox. II. 24.

UNDone, undone the lawyers are,
They wander about the towne,
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing-cross is downe :
At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chaffing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting,
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were fitting.
 They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand,
 But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
 Were hang'd for long agoe.
 Our parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended,
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child,
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word
 Against the parliament.
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed ;
 In troth I'll take my Bible oath,
 It could neither write, nor read.

The

The committee said, that verily
 To popery it was bent ;
 For ought I know, it might be so, 35
 For to church it never went.
 What with excise, and such device,
 The kingdom doth begin.
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross,
 Without doors nor within.

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
 So firmly to the city.
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the king should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tiburn's tops.

* * Whitlocke says, " May 3, 1643, Cheapside cross, and
 other crosses were voted down," &c. — But this Vote
 was not put in execution with regard to CHARING CROSS
 till four years after, as appears from Lilly's Observations
 on the Life, &c. of K. Charles, quic. " Charing-Cross, we
 know, was pulled down, 1647, in June, July, and
 August. Part of the Stones were converted to pave
 before Whitehall. I have seen knife-bases made of
 some of the stones, which, being well polished, looked
 like marble." Ed. 1715. p. 81. 12mo.
 See an Account of the pulling down Cheapside Cross, in
 the Supplement to Gent. Mag. 1764.

XII.

LOYALTY CONFINED.

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." Lond. 1668. fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in M.S. the other in the Westminster Drollery, or a choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671. 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show,
That innocence is tempest proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm; 5
Thea strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty: 30
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoræt.

I, whilst

I, whilst I wist to be retir'd,
 Into this private room was turn'd ;
 As if their wisdoms had conspir'd 15
 The salamander should be burn'd ;
 Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
 I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynick loves his poverty ;
 The pelican her wilderness ; 20
 And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
 Naked on frozen Caucasus :
 Contentment cannot smart, Stoicks we see
 Make torments easie to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
 I, as my mistress' favours, wear ; 25
 And for to keep my ancles warm,
 I have some iron shackles there :
 These walls are but my garrison ; this cell,
 Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel. 30

I'm in the cabinet lockt up,
 Like some high-prized margarite,
 Or, like the great mogul or pope, 35
 Am cloyster'd up from publick sight :
 Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
 And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here

330 ANCIENT POEMS.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
 Where tempting objects are not seen ;
 And these strong walls do only serve
 To keep vice out, and keep me in :
 Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
 I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life *,
 Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
 By a malicious friendly knife
 Did only wound him to a cure :
 Malice, I see, wants wit ; for what is meant
 Mischief, oftentimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
 Prosperity doth treason seem ;
 And to make smooth so rough a path,
 I can learn patience from him :
 Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
 When kings want ease subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king
 Neither in person or in coin ;
 Yet contemplation is a thing,
 That renders what I have not, mine :

My

* See this remarkable story in Cicero *de Nat. Deorum.* Lib. 3. c. 28. *Cœ. de Offic.* Lib. 1. c. 30. see also *Val. Max.* 1. 8.

My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

63

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage;
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage?
Even then her charming melody doth prove,
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

65

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet mangre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

70

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

75

XIII.

VERSES BY K. CHARLES I.

“ This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to
 “ prose: Bishop Burnet has given us a pathetic elegy said
 “ to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.]
 “ The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are
 “ strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of ma-
 “ jestic piety.” Mr. Walpole’s Royal and Noble Authors,
 vol. I.

It is in his “ Memoirs of the Duke of Hamilton,” p. 379.
 that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he
 had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time
 when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It
 is there intitled “ MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN
 “ IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.”

Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, “ that the truth of
 “ the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression,
 “ renders them very pathetic.” See his hist. 1763. 4to.
 vol. 5. p. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.
 —These are almost the only verses known of Charles’s com-
 posure. Indeed a little Poem ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE,
 printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763. vol. 8tb. is attri-
 buted to K. CHARLES I; being reprinted from a thin 8vo
 vol. by Nahum Tate, called “ Miscellanea Sacra, or Poems
 “ on Divine and Moral Subjects.”

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
 The potency and power of kings,
 Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And

And teach my tongtie, that ever did confine
 Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
 To track the treasons of thy foes and mine. 5

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
 (The only root of righteous royaltie)
 With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
 The holy unction, and the royal globe :
 Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job. 10

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread. 15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
 While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
 Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation,
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration. 20

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me (by the law of God and reason);
 They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown,
Pious episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

25

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
The crown is crucified with the creed.

30

The church of England doth all factions foster,
The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades. To make religion bleed 35
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier
With such a bloody method and behavioer
Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 40
so many princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance?
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

45

With

With my own power my majesty they wound,
In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
So doth the ~~host~~ destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traytor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For since they from their lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those edicts he appointed,
How can they prize the power of his anointed?

Augment my patience, nullifie my hate, 76
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate,
Yet, though we perish, BLESS THIS CHURCH AND STATE.

XIV.

THE SALE OF REBELLIOUS HOUSHOLD-STUFF.

This sarcastic exultation of triumphant loyalty, is printed from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, corrected by two others, one of which is preserved in "A choice collection of 120 loyal songs, &c." 1684. 12mo.—To the tune of Old Simon the king.

R Ebullion hath broken up house,
And hath left me old lumber to sell ;
Come hither, and take your choice,
I'll promise to use you well :
Will you buy the old speaker's chair ? 5
Which was warm and easie to sit in,
And oft hath been clean'd I declare,
When as it was fouler than fitting.
Says old Simon the king, &c.

Will

Will you buy any bacon-flitches, 10
 The fattest, that ever were spent?
 They're the fides of the old committees,
 Fed up in the long parliament.
 Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,
 And for a small matter I'll sell ye 'em; 15
 They are made of the presbyters lungs,
 To blow up the coals of rebellion.
 Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once
 To some black-smith for his forge; 20
 But now I have consider'd on't,
 They are consecrate to the church:
 So I'll give them unto some quire,
 They will make the big organs roar,
 And the little pipes to squeek higher, 25
 Than ever they could before.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,
 One's square, and t'other is round;
 Betwixt them both the tail
 Of the Rump fell down to the ground. 30
 Will you buy the states council-table,
 Which was made of the good wain Scot?
 The frame was a tottering Babel
 To uphold the Independent plot. 35
 Says old Simon, &c.

338. ANCIENT POEMS.

Here's the befsom of Reformation,
Which should have made clean the floor,
But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
And left us dirt good store. 40
Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
Which spun for the ropers trade ?
But better it had stood still,
For now it has spun a fair thread.
Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
Which was made of a butcher's stump *,
And has been safely apply'd,
To cure the colds of the rump.
Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50
Which once was a justice of peace,
Who Noll and the Devil did serve ;
But now it is come to this.
Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55
If any good fellow will take it ;
No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
And I'll tell you how they did make it :

* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, Ap. 20. 1653.

'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
 Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60
 And many of them, that have took't,
 Complain it was foul in the mouth.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
 To cure the scab of the nation, 65
 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
 To Rebellion by Innovation.
 A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scárce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out 70
 Before they ever were thought on.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
 With which it jocky'd the nation ?
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75
 And curb of Dissimulation :
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
 And their fair dissembling cloak,
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an Independent smock. 80
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd :
 But Hell will buy that if the worst is. 85
 Here's

Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
 With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
 When she was got drunk with false bumpers.
 Says old Simon, &c.

90

Here's the purse of the public faith ;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship,
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
 Says old Simon, &c.

95

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels,
 And here are his dray, and his flings ;
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles ;
 With diverse other odd things :
 And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye ?
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story.
 Says old Simon, &c.

100

105

XV. THE

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her name was Elizabeth : to the latter part of the verse hangs some tale that is now forgotten.

Ver. 94. See Grey's Hudibras, Pt. 1. Cant. 2. ver. 570. &c.

Ver. 100. 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a gobbler.

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, or LADY's POLICY.

Given (with some corrections) from a MS copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
A riding along the way, fir;
And there he met with a lady fine,
Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire,
Among the grafs lye downe-a;
And I will have a special care
Of rumpling of your gowne-a,

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,
Will spoil my damask gowne, fir:
My gown, and kirtle they are newe,
And cost me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
Then, lady faire, come lay thy head;
We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
 Among the cocks of hay, fir ;
 And if the pinner should chance to see,
 He'll take my steed away, fir.

20

Upon my finger I have a ring,
 Its made of finest gold-a ;
 And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
 Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall ;
 Fair chambers there are three, fir :
 And you shall have the best of all,
 And I'll your chamberlaine bee, fir.

25

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
 And her on her dapple gray, fir :
 And there they rode to her father's hall,
 Fast pricking along the way, fir.

30

To her father's hall they arrived strait ;
 'Twas moated round about-a ;
 She slipped herself within the gate,
 And lockt the knight without-a.

35

Here is a silver penny to spend,
 And take it for your pain, fir ;
 And two of my father's men I'll send
 To wait on you back again, fir.

40

He

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
 And wiped it upon his sleeve-a :
 And cursed, he said, be every man,
 That will a maid believe-a !

She drew a bodkin from her haire, 45
 And whip'd it upon her gown-a ;
 And curs'd be every maiden faire,
 That will with men lye down-a !

A herb there is, that lowly grows,
 And some do call it rue, fir : 50
 The smalleſt dunghill cock that crows,
 Would make a capon of you, fir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
 Some call it mary-gold-a :
 He that wold not when he might, 55
 He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
 With cloak and hat and feather :
 He met again with that lady gay,
 Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
 You shall no more escape me ;
 Remember, how not long agoe
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
And trembled at the stranger :
How shall I guard my maidened
From this approaching danger ?

65

He from his saddle down did light,
In all his riche attyer ;
And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
I do thy charms admyer.

70

He took the lady by the hand,
Who seemingly consented ;
And would no more disputing stand :
She had a plot invented.

75

Looke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
Methinks I now discover
A riding upon his dapple gray,
My former constant lover.

80

On tip-toe peering stood the knight,
Fast by the rivers brink-a ;
The lady pusht with all her might :
Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in,
The bottom faire he sounded ;
Then rising up, he cried amain,
Help, helpe, or else I'm drownded !

85

Now,

Now, fare-you-well, sir,knight, adieu!

You see what comes of fooling :
That is the fittest place for you ;
Your courage wanted cooling.

90

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
Just at the close of eve-a,
Again she met with her angry sparke ;
Which made this lady grieve-a.

95

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
And no one now can hear thee :
And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me.

100

I pray, sir knight, be not so warm
With a young silly maid-a :
I vow and swear I thought no harm,
'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in foothe ! he cry'd,
To tumble me in and leave me :
What if I had in the river dy'd ? —
That fetch will not deceive me.

105

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
Tho' injur'd out of measure ;
But then prepare without delay
To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well

110

346 ANCIENT POEMS.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
 Yet think of your boots and spurs, sir :
 Let me pull off both spur and boot,
 Or else you cannot stir, sir. 115

He set him down upon the grafts,
 And begg'd her kind assistance :
 Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
 I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;
 Sir knight, now I'm your betters :
 You shall not make of me your prey ;
 Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served soe,
 He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :
 For he could neither stand nor gae,
 But like a cripple tumbled. 125

Farewell, sir knight, the clock strikes ten,
 Yet do not move nor stir, sir :
 I'll send you my father's serving men,
 To pull off your boots and spurs, sir. 130

This merry jest you must excuse,
 You are but a stingless nettle :
 You'd never have stood for boots or shoes,
 Had you been a man of mettle. 135

All

All night in grievous rage he lay,
 Rolling upon the plain-a;
 Next morning a shepherd past that way,
 Who set him right again-a.

140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
 By hill and dale he swore-a:
 I'll ride at once to her father's hall;
 She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard,
 I'll challenge all her kindred;
 Each daftard soul shall stand affeard;
 My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
 Which every side was moated:
 The lady heard his furious vows,
 And all his vengeance noted.

150

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
 Once more I will endeavour:
 This water shall your fury 'swage,
 Or else it shall burn for ever.

155

Then faining penitence and feare,
 She did invite a parley:
 Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
 Henceforth I'll love you dearly.

160

My

My father he is now from home,
 And I am all alone, sir :
 Therefore a-cross the water come ;
 And I am all your own, sir.

False maid, thou canst no more deceive ; 165
 I scorn the treacherous bait-a :
 If thou would'st have me thee believe,
 Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
 My father he has the keys, sir. 170
 But I have for my love prepar'd
 A shorter way and easier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank
 Full seventeen feet in measure :
 Then step a-cross to the other bank, 175
 And there we'll take our pleasure.

These words she had no sooner spoke,
 But strait he came tripping over :
 The plank was saw'd, it snapping broke ;
 And sou'sd the unhappy lover. 180

XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

From Sir John Suckling's poems. This sprightly knight
was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th
year of his age. See above, Song IX, of this Book.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prethee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her! 15

XVII.

OLD TOM OF BEDLAM.

MAD SONG THE FIRST.

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestable, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject; as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and fifth towards the end; and the fifth within this present century.

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3. is a song

a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request "by Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, one that has made the choice songs of the HUNTER IN HIS CAREER, and of TOM OF BEDLAM, and many others of note."
p. 84. *See Mr. HAWKINS's curious Edition, 8vo. of this excellent old Piece.*

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
Or from the deepe abyffe of hell,
Mad Tom is come into the world againe
To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule ;
Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle !
Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
To seeke my straggling senses,
In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
With his pentarchye of tenses :

When me he spyeid,
Away he hyed,
For time will stay for no man :
In vaine with cryes
I rent the skyes,
For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſſ I lye :
Help, oh helpe ! or else I dye !

5
10
15
20
Harke !

Harke ! I heare Apollo's teame,
 The carman 'gins to whistle ;
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles, 25
 To knocke off my troublesome shackles ;
 Bid Charles make ready his waine
 To fetch me my sences againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
 Mars met Venus in the darke ; 36
 Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
 And furiously made at the god of war :

Mars with his weapon laid about,
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light, 35
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright :

Mercury the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrell ;
 Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
 Bstryd a strong-beere barrell. 40

To mee he dranke,
 I did him thanke,
 But I could get no cyder ;

He dranke whole butts
 Till he burst his gutts,
 But mine were ne'er the wydet.

45

Poore naked Tom is very drye:
 A little drinke for charitye!

Harke, I hear Aetrons horne!
 The huntmen whoop and hallowe:
 Ringwood, Royster, Bowman, Jowler,
 All the chase do followe.

50

The man in the moone drinkes clarret,
 Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret;
 But a cup of old Malaga facke
 Will fire the bushe at his backe.

55

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor's folio MS.

VOL. II.

Aa

A M

A M I mad, O noble Festus,
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the pope,
 As well as the best in the college ? 5
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rochets ;
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel * 10
 I had my education,
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazel'd my eyes
 With the sight of revelation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam,
95
 They lash'd my four poor quarters ;
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure
 To be one of Foxes martyrs.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer 20
 Through antichrist's persuasion :

Take

* Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

Take off this chain,
Neither Rome nor Spain
Can resist my strong invasion.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beasts ten horns (God bless us !) 25

I have knock'd off three already;

If they let me alone
I'll leave him none:
But they say I am too heady.
Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30

I met the great red dragon;

I kept him aloof
With the armour of proof,
Though here I have never a rag on.
Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35

There fought I with this monster:

But the sons of pride
My zeal deride,
And all my deeds misconster.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40
With the lance of Inspiration;

A a z

I made

I made her stink,
 And spill the drink
 In her cup of abomination.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45
 With a flying book * between them.
 I have been in despair
 Five times in a year,
 And been cur'd by reading Greenham †.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkins tables ‡
 The black line of damnation ;
 Those crooked veins
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

In

* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1. or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's *Anteb.* vol. 2. p. 501. He was author of a book intitled, "The fiery flying Roll;" and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose Title is, "The fiery flying Roll's wings clipt," &c.

† See Greenham's works, fol. 1605. particularly the tract intitled, "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience.

‡ See Perkins's works, fol. 1616. vol. 1. p. 11; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table declaring the order of the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 357

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure:
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
• Boldly I preach, &c.

55

I appear'd before the archbishop *,
And all the high commission;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Miters, copes, and rotchets: 66
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchetts.

60

66

* *Abb. Laud.*

XIX.

THE LUNATIC LOVER,

MAD SONG THE THIRD,

—*is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.*

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
And bring hither all your train ;
See how the pale moon does waste,
And just now is in the wane.
Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5
And revelling witches away,
And hug me close in your arms ;
To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
Since love does distract my brain : 10
I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
And kiss her, and kiss her again :

But

But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then, a pife on her love ! let her go ;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud,
 And down to the shades below. 15

A lunacy sad I endure ;
 Since reason departs away ;
 I call to those hags for a cure
 As knowing not what I say. 20
 The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now flights me with scorn and disdain ;
 I never shall see her more :
 Ah ! how shall I bear my pain !

I ramble, and range about.
 To find out my charming saint ;
 While she at my grief does flout,
 And smiles at my loud complaint.
 Distraction I fee is my doom,
 Of this I am now too sure ; 30
 A rival is got in my room,
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
 While wandering in despair,
 I am to the desarts lead,
 Expecting to find her there. 35

360 ANCIENT POEMS.

Methinks in a spangled cloud
I see her enthroned on high;
Then to her I crie aloud,
And laboar to reach the sky.

40

When thus I have raved awhile,
And wearyed myself in vain,
I lye on the barren foil,
And bitterly do complain.
Till slumber hath quieted me,
In sorrow I sigh and weep;
The clouds are my canopy
To cover me while I sleep.

45

I dream that my charming fair
Is then in my rival's bed,
Whose tresses of golden hair
Are on the fair pillow bespread.
Then this doth my passion inflame,
I start, and no longer can lie:
Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
To ruin a lover ? I cry.

50

55

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
And hurry me hence away,
My languishing life to you
A tribute I freely pay.

60

To

To the elysian shades I post
 In hopes to be freed from care,
 Where many a bleeding ghost
 Is hovering in the air.

XX.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEY's comedies of *Don Quixote* acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. sullenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are printed from D'urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy." 1719. vol. I.

FROM rosie bowers, where sleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
 Teach me in soft melodious strains to move
 With tender passion my heart's darling joy:
 Ah! let the soul of musick tune my voice,
 To win dear Strephon, who my soul enjoys. 5

Or, if more influencing
 Is to be brisk and airy,
 With a step and a bound,
 With a frisk from the ground,
 I'll trip like any fairy.

10

As once on Ida dancing
 Were three celestial bodies :
 With an air, and a face,
 And a shape, and a grace,
 I'll charm, like beauty's goddess.

15

Ah ! 'tis in vain ! 'tis all, 'tis all in vain !
 Death and despair must end the fatal pain :
 Cold, cold despair, disgus'd like snow and rain,
 Falls on my breast; bleak winds in tempests blow; 20
 My veins all shiver, and my fingers glow :
 My pulse beats a dead march for lost repose,
 And to a solid lump of ice my poor fond heart is froze.

Or say, ye powers, my peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, and drown
 Among the foaming billows ?
 Increasing all with tears I shed,
 On beds of ooze, and crystal pillows
 Lay down, lay down my lovesick head ?

25

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad,
 That soon my heart will warm ;

30

When

When once the sense is fled, is fled,
 Love has no power to charm.
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
 Robes, locks—shall thus—be tore ! 35
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
 Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by HENRY CAREY, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the "Companion to the Play-house," &c. The sprightliness of this Songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his POEMS, 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen another Mad-Song of this author beginning thus,

" Gods ! I can never this endure,
 " Death alone must be my cure, &c.

I Go to the Elysian shade,
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,
 But joy shall still surround me.

I

I fly

I fly from Celia's cold disdain,
From her disdain I fly ;
She is the cause of all my pain,
For her alone I die.

5

Her eyes are brighter than the mid-day sun,
When he but half his radiant course has run,
When his meridian glories gaily shine,
And gild all nature with a warmth divine.

10

See yonder river's flowing tide,
Which now so full appears ;
Those streams, that do so swiftly glide,
Are nothing but my tears.

15

There I have wept till I could weep no more,
And curst mine eyes, when they have wept their store,
Then, like the clouds, that rob the azure main,
I've drain'd the flood to weep it back again.

20

Pity my pains,
Ye gentle swains !
Cover me with ice and snow,
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow !

Furies, tear me,
Quickly bear me
To the dismal shades below !
Where yelling, and howling

25

And

And grumbling, and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe.

30

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure :
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells,
Can give such pain as I endure.

35

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease !

40

XXII.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Num. XX, was originally sung in one of D'URFEY's Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular Songster, who died Feb. 26. 1723.

This is printed from the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vol. 1721. 12mo. where may be found two or three other MAD Songs not admitted into these Volumes.

I Burn,

I Burn, my brain consumes to ashes !
I Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes !
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire !

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler ! 5

Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
 'Tis sultry weather,
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
But be never the cooler. 10

"Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebell,
From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell ;
 And mourn now my fate,
 Which myself did create : 15
Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well !

Adieu ! ye vain transporting joys !
 Off ye vain fantastic toys !
 That dress this face—this body—to allure !

Bring me daggers, poison, fire ! 20
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire.

All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

LILLI BURLEO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us bear a contemporary writer.

"A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, Lero, lero, liliburlero," that made an impression on the [king's] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect." Burnet.

It was written on occasion of the king's nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a furious Papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King's "State of the protestants in Ireland."

1691. 4to.

LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

HOL.

HO ! broder Teague, dost hear de decree ?
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5
Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho ! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote :
Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all de English troate.
Lilli, &c. 10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,
Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare fide, and Creish knows what.
Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de popé, 15
Lilli, &c,

We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.
Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,
Lilli, &c. 20

And with brave lads is coming aboard :
Lilli, &c,

Who all in France have taken a fware,
Lilli, &c.

Dat

Dat dey will have no protestant heir. 25
 Lilli, &c.

Ara ! but why does he stay behind ?
 Lilli, &c.

Ho ! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind. 30
 Lilli, &c.

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,
 Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commiffions gillore.
 Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mas, 35
 Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an afs.
 Lilli, &c.

Now, now de hereticks all go down. 40
 Lilli, &c.

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.
 Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophesy, found in a dog,
 Lilli, &c.

" Ireland shall be rul'd by an afs, and a dog." 45
 Lilli, &c.

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,
Lilli, &c.

For Talbot's de dog, and Ja**s is de as.
Lilli, &c.

* * * *The following Song is attributed to Lord WHARFON in a small pamphlet intituled "A true relation of the several facts and circumstances of the intended riot and tumult on Q. Elizabeth's birth-day, &c." 3d. ed. Lond. 1712. pr. 2d. — See p. 5: viz. A late Viceroy [of Ireland,] who has so often boasted himself upon his talents for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain Lilliburlero Song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."*

XXIV.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,
C. 1750.

was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq; who died March 25. 1754. aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo. This song was written in imitation of an old Scottish Ballad on a similar subject, with the same burden to each stanza.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where

ANCIENT POEMS. 37

B. Where gan ye that bonny bonny bride? 5
Where gan ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gan her where I dare na weil be seen,
Pu'ing the birk on the Braes of Yarrow;

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride;
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow; 10
Nor let thy heart lament to leive
Pu'ing the birk on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15
Pu'ing the birk on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow;
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
Pu'ing the birk on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her louver, louver dear,
Her louver dear, the cause of sorrow;
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er pu'd birk on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rises thy bream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, wae? 25
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weids
Hung on the bonny birk on the Braes of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude ?
 What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow ! 30
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow ;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, 35
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow ;
 And weep around in waeful wife
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to lue ? 45
 And warn from fight ? but to thy sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
 Thou mett'st, and fell'st on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
 grass,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 50
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows

A N C I E N T P O E M S. 373

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk, 55
The apple frae its rock as mellow.

Fair was thy lufe, fair fair indeed thy lufe,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lufe me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How lufe him upon the banks of Tweed,
That flew my lufe on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields; may never never rain,
Now dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70
For there was basely slain my lufe,
My lufe, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
 But ere the teofall of the night
 He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day ;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning :
 But lang ere night the spear was flown,
 That slew my luv, and left me mouraing.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
 My luv'er's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooc me ?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My luv'er nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatening words to muve me :
 My luv'er's blood is on thy spear, 95
 How canst thou ever bid me luv thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luv,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husbande lover. 100

But

But who the expected husband husband is?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter:
 Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105
 O lay his cold head on my pillow;
 Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee! 110
 Yet lye all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lively lively youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
 And lye all night between my breists, 115
 No youth shall ever lye there after.

4. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
 Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lies a corps in the Bracs of Yarrow, 120

XXV.

ADMIRAL HOSIER's GHOST,

—was written by the ingenious author of *LEONIDAS*, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22. 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the Ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the *Bastimentos* near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Cartagena, and continued cruizing in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's *hist.*

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
Our triumphant navy rode;

There

There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat :
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet ;

5

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

10

15

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hoſier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster
 Rising from their watry grave :
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

20

25

Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
 I am Hoſier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost !

Tho'

* The Admiral's ship.

378 ANCIENT POEMS.

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fear, 30
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping; 35
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told. 49

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling ocean 45
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion
To have quell'd the pride of Spain!

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done 59
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast atchiev'd with six alone.

Then

Then the bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been.

55

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying
 I had met a traitor's doom,
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

60

Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thoufands fell in vain,
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

65

70

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe :

75

Here

Here the bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

80

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request;
 After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

85

XXVI.

JEMMY DAWSON.

JAMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in the County of Surrey, July 30. 1746.—This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS copy, which contained some small variations from that lately printed.

COME

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear ;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint, but mine. 5

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again. 10

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came,
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame. 15

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the faithful youth astray,
The day the rebel clans appear'd :
O had he never seen that day ! 20

Their colours and their fash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How

How pale was then his true love's cheek, 15
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear ?
 For never yet did Alpine snows
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart, 30
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O George, without a prayer for thee 35
 My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to lisp the giver's name. 40

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree,
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd, 45
 The fledge mov'd slowly on before ;
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She

ANCIENT POEMS. 33

She followed him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law ; 50
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long :
 And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd :
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd : 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did it every heart prefer ;
 For tho' it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65
 She bore this constant heart to see ;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore : 70
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

384 ANCIENT POEMS.

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

75

'Tho' justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, and so true.

80

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A G L O S S.

A G L O S S A R Y

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN VOLUME THE SECOND.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A	Deid of nicht. s. p. 102. in dead of night.	Attowre. s. out over, over and above.
Aboven ous.	above us.	Azein, agein. against.
Advoutry, Advouterous.	adulterer, adulterous.	Azont the ingle. s. p. 61. beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room*.
Aff. s. off.		
Ahte. ought.		
Aith. s. oait.		
Al. p. 5. albeit. although.		
Alemaigne. f. Germany.		
Alyes. p. 28. probably corrupted for algates.	always.	
Ancient.	a flag, banner.	
Angel.	a gold coin worth 10s.	
Ant.	and.	
Apliht. p. 10. al apliht.	quite complete.	
Argabushe.	harquebuffe, an old-fashioned kind of musket.	
Ase. as.		
VOL. II.		
		B.
		Bairded. s. bearded.
		Bairn. s. child.
		Bale. evil, mischief, misery.
		Balow. s. a nursery term, bush! lullaby! &c.
		Ban. curse. banning. cursing.
		Battes. heavy sticks, clubs.
		Bayard. a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is called Bayard
		C c Mont-

* In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow window: the fire is in a grate like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room. (MR. LAMBE.)

Montalbon, by Skelton in his
" Phillip Sparrow."

Be. s. *by*. Be that. *by that time*.

Bearn, bairn. s. *child*: also
human creature.

Bed. p. 9. *bade*.

Bede. p. 17. *offer, engage*.

Befall. p. 72. *beset*.

Befoir. s. *before*.

Belive. *immediately, presently*.

Ben. s. *within, the inner room*.
p. 62^o.

Ben. p. 11. *be, are*.

Bene. p. 12. *bean, an expres-*
sion of contempt.

Beoth. p. 7. *be, are*.

Ber the prys. p. 7. *bare the*
prize.

Berys. *beareth*.

Befprent. *befrinkled*.

Befted. p. 273. *abode*.

Bewraies. *discovers, betrays*.

Bet. *better*. Bett. *did beat*.

Bi mi leautè. *by my loyalty, bo-*
nesty.

Birk. s. *birch-tree*.

Blee. *complexion*.

Blent. p. 144. *ceased*.

Blink. s. *a glimpse of light: the*
sudden light of a candle seen
in the night at a distance.

Boist: boisteris. s. *boast, boast-*
ers.

Bollys. p. *bowls*.

Bonny. s. *handsome, comely*.

Boote. *gain, advantage*.

Bot. s. *but*: sometimes it seems
used for 'both', or 'besides',
'moreover.'

Bot. s. *without*. Bot dreid.
without dread, i. e. cer-
tainly.

Bougils. s. *bugle horns*.

Bowne. *ready*.

Braes of Yarrow. s. *the billy*
banks of the river Yarrow.

Brade, braid. s. *broad*.

Braify. s. *bravely*.

Braw. s. *brave*.

Brayd. s. *arose, hastened*.

Brayd attowre the bent. s. *hast-*
ed over the field.

Brede. *breadtb*, *So Chauc.*

Brenand drake. p. 19. *may*
perhaps be the name as a fire-
drake, or fiery serpent, a
meteor or fire-work so call-
ed: Here it seems to signify
"burning embers or fire-
"brands."

Brimme. *public, universally*
known. A. S. bryme. *idem*.

Brouk her with winne. *enjoy her*
with pleasure. A. S. brok.

Brouch. *an ornamental trinket*:
a stone buckle for a woman's
breast. *Sc.* Vid. Brooché,
Gloss. vol. 3.

Brozt. p. *brought*.

Buen, bueth. *been, he, are*.

Buik. s. *book*.

Burgens. *buds, young shoots*.

Busk

* "But o' house" means the outer part of the house, outer-room; viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. "Ben o' house," is the inner room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter did not lie out of doors.—The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a *But*, and a *Ben*. (Vid. Gloss. to Vol. III.)

MR. LAMBE.

Busk ye. s. *dress ye.*

But. *without.* but let. *without hindrance.*

Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*

Butt. s. *out, the outer room.*

C.

Cadgily. s. *merrily, chearfully.*

Caliver, *a kind of musket.*

Can curtesye, *know, understand good manners.*

Cannes. p. 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*

Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-singers, fingers on benches.*

Canty. s. *chearful, chatty.*

Cantles. *pieces, corners.*

Capul. *a poor horse.*

Carle. *curl, clown. It is also used in the North, for a strong bale old man.*

Carline. s. *the feminine of Carle.*

Carpe. *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*

Carping. *reciting.*

Chayme. p. 66. *Cain.*

Che. (Somerset dialect.) I.

Cheis. s. *choose.*

Cheefe. p. 21. *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*

Chill. (Som. dial.) I will.

Chould (ditto.) I would.

Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*

Chylder. *children, children's.*

Clattered. *beat so as to rattle.*

Clead. s. *clad, cloath.*

Clenking. *clinking, jingling.*

Clepe. *call.*

Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*

Cokeney. p. 24. *seems to be a diminutive for Cook; from the Latin Coquinator, or Coquinarius. The meaning seems to be, that "Every Five and Five had a Cook or Scullion to attend them."* Chaucer's Cant. Tales, 8vo. Vol. IV. p. 253.

Cold rost. (a phrase) *nothing to the purpose.*

Com. p. 8. *came.*

Con, can. gan. *began. Item. Conspringe (a phrase) sprung, Con fare. went, passed.*

Coote. p. 250. (note) *coat.*

Coft. *coast, side.*

Cotydyallye. *daily, every day.*

Covetise. *covetousness.*

Could bear. *a phrase for bare.*

Could creip. s. *crept. Could say. said. Could weip. s. wept.*

Could his good. p. 255. *Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*

Couthen. p. 9. *knew.*

Croft. *an inclosure near a house.*

Croiz. *cross.*

Crook my knee. p. 64. *make lame my knee. They say in the north. "The horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse crooks." i. e. goes lame.*

Crouneth. p. 8. *crown ye.*

Crumpling. *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*

Cule. s. *cool.*

Cummer. s. *gossip, friend, fr.*

Commere, *compere.*

Cure. *care, beeł, regard.*

C e 2 Dale

D.

Dale. s. *deal*. p. 75. bot give
I dale. unless I deal.
Dampned. damned.
Dan. p. 11. an ancient title of
respect.
Danke. p. 240. *Denmark*, query.
Darh. p. 10. perhaps for Thar.
tbere.
Darr'd. s. *bit*.
Dart the trie. s. *bit the tree*.
Daukin. diminutive of David.
Daunger hault. coyness boldeth.
Deare day. charming, pleasant
day.
Dede is do. p. 31. *deed is done*.
Deere. *burt, mischief*.
Deerlye dight. richly fitted out.
Deimt. s. *deem'd, esteem'd*.
Deir. s. *dear*. Item: *burt, trou-
ble, disturb*.
Dele. *deal*.
Deme, deemed. *judge, doomed*.
Dent. p. 17. a *dint, blow*.
Deol. *dole, grief*.
Dere, deere. *dear: also burt*.
Derked. *darkened*.
Dern. s. *secret*. p. 75. I' dern.
in secret.
Devyz. *devise, the act of be-
queathing by will*.
Deze, deye. *die*.
Dight: dicht. s. *decked, dressed*.
prepared, fitted out, done
Dill. *still, calm, mitigate*.
Dol. see Deol. Dule.
Don. p. *down*.
Doughtiness of dent. *flurdiness
of blows*.
Doz-trogh. *a dough-trough, a
kneading-trough*.
Dozter. *daughter*.
Drie. s. *suffer*.

Drowe. *drew*.

Drake. See Brenand Drake.

Dryng. *drink*.Dude. *did*.Dule. s. *duel, dol, dole, grief*.Dyce. s. *dice, chequer-work*.Dyht. p. 10. *to dispose, order*.Dyne. s. p. 98. *dinner*.Dyzt. *wid. dight*.

E.

Eard. e. *earth*.Earn. s. *to curdle, make rheuse*.Eiked. s. p. 76. *added, enlarged*.Elvish. *peevish: —fantastical*.Ene. s. eyn. *eyes*. Ene. s. even.Ensue. *follow*.Entendement. f. *understanding*.Ententify. *to the intent, pur-
posely*.Er, ere. *before*. Ere. *ear*.Etuled. *aimed*.

F.

Fader: Father. s. *father: fa-
thers*.Fair of feir. s. *of a fair and
healthful look* (Ramsay). Per-
haps, far off (free from) fear.Falsing. *dealing in falsehood*.Fang. p. *seize, carry off*.Fannes. p. 21. *instruments for
winnowing corn*.Fare. *go, pass, travel*.Fare. *the price of a passage*: f.
86. *fbot, reckoning*.Fauzt; faucht. s. *fought*. Item.
fight.Feil. s. p. 98. *fele. many.*
So Hardinge has Lord's fele
s. &c. many Lords. Ed 239.

Felay. fellow.

Fele, fell. **furious.** p. 21. skin.

Fend. defend.

Fere, fear. *It. companion, wife.*

Ferliet. s. wondered.

Ferly. wonder; also, wonderful.

Fey. s. predestinated to death, or some misfortune; under a fatality.

Feztyng. p. fighting.

Fie. s. beasts, cattle.

Firth, Frith. s. p. 77. a wood.

It. an arm of the Sea. l. fretum.

Fit. s. foot.

Fitt. division, part. See the end of the Glossary *.

Fles. p. fleece.

Fleyke, p. 122. a large kind of burdle: Cows are frequently milked in bowels made of Fleyks.

Flowan. s. flowing.

Fond. contrive: also, endeavour, try.

Force. p. 140. no force. no matter.

Forced. regarded, beeded.

Forefend. avert, binder.

For-fought. p. 22. over-fought.

Forwatcht. over-watched, kept awake.

Fors. p. 12. I do no fors. I don't care.

Forst. p. 69. beeded. regarded.

Fowkin. a cant word for a fowl.

Fox't. drunk.

Frae, thay begin. p. 75. from their beginning: from the time they begin.

Freers, fryars, friars, monks.

Freake, treeke, freyke. man,

buman creature.

Freyke. p. 125. bumour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.

Ereyned. asted.

Frie. s. fre. free.

G.

Ga, gais. s. go, goes.

Gaberlunzie. gaberlunyie. a. a wallet.

Gaberlunzie-man. s. a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar.

Gadlings. gadders, idle felows.

Gadryng. gathering.

Galliard. a sprightly kind of dance.

Gar. s. to make, cause, &c.

Gayed. made gay (their cloaths)

Gear, geire, geir, gair. s. goods, effects, stuff.

Geere will sway. p. 190. this matter will turn out; affair terminate.

Gederede ys host. gathered his host.

Gef. geve. give.

Gest. p. 277. ait,feat, story, history. (It is Jest in MS.)

Gie, gien. s. give, given.

Gillore. (Irish.) plenty.

Gimp, jimp. s. neat, slender,

Girt. s. pierced. Throughgirt, p. 71. pierced through.

Give. s. gif, giff. p. 75. if.

Glaive. f. sword.

Glen. s. a narrow valley.

Glie. s. glee. merriment, joy.

Glist. s. glistered.

Gode, godness. good, goodness.

C c 3 God

* FITTS, i. e. "divisions or parts in music" are alluded to in Troilus and Cressida. A. III. sc. i. Vol. 9. p. 64. STEEVENS's edit.

God before. p. 82. i. e. God
be thy guide: a form of bles-
sing*.

Good. p. 85. sc. a good deal.

Good-e'ens. good-e enings.

Gorget. the dress of the neck.

Gowan. s. the common yellow
 crowfoot, or goldcup.

Graithed (gowden). s. was ca-
 parisoned with gold.

Graythed. p. decked, put on.

Gree. f. prize, victory.

Greened. grew green.

Gret. p. 9. great. p. 8. grieved,
 swoln, ready to burst.

Grippel. griping. tenacious,
 miserly.

Grownes. grounds. p. 243.
(rythmi gratia. Vid. Sowne.)

Growte†. In Northamptonshire,
 is a kind of small-beer, ex-
 tracted from the malt, after
 the strength has been drawn
 off. In Devon, it is a kind
 of sweet ale medicated with
 eggs, said to be a Danish
 liquor.

Gype. a griffin.

Gyrd. p. 18. girded, lashed,
 &c.

Gybe. jest. joke.

Gyles. s. guiles.

Gyn. engine, contriance.

Gyse, s. guise, form, fashion.

H.

Ha, have. ha. s. hall.

Habbe, ase he brew. p. 4. bōbē,
 as he brews.

Haggis. s. a sheep's stomach,
 stuffed with a pudding made
 of mince-meat, &c.

Hail, hale. s. whole, altogether.

Halt, boldeth.

Hame, hamward. home, home-
 ward.

Han. have. 3. perf. plur.

Hare. s. swerdes. p. 4. their
 swords.

Harnifne. barnes, armour.

Harrowed. haraffed, disturbed.

Harwoe. barrows.

Hav. have.

Haves (of) p. 16. effects, sub-
 stance, riches.

Hawkin. synonymous to Halkin,
 dimin. of Harry.

He. p. 21. bie, basten.

Hech. p. batch, small door.

Hede. p. 17. bied. p. 8. be'd,
 he woud. p. 36. beed.

Hed. bead.

Heare, here. p. 69. hair.

Heil. s. hele. health.

Hecht to lay thee law. s. pro-
 mised, engaged to lay thee
 low.

Heicht. s. height.

Heiding-hill. s. the 'heading
 [i. e. beheading] hill. The
 place of execution was anciently
 an artificial hillock.

Helen. beal.

Helpeth.

* So in Shakespear's K. HEN. V. (A. 3. sc. 8.) the King says,
 " My army's but a weak and sickly guard;
 " Yet, GOD BEFORE, tell him we will come on."

† GROWTE is a kind of fare much used by Danish sailors, being
 boiled groats (i. e. hulled oats) or else shelled barley, served up very
 thick, and butter added to it. MR. LAMBE.

Helpeth. *help ye.*
 Hem. *them.*
 Henne. *bence.*
 Hent, hente. *bold, laid bold of:*
 also, received.
 Her. p. 17. 23. 29. *their.*
 Here, p. 5. *their.* p. 65. *bear.*
 p. 38. *bair.*
 Herketh. *hearken ye..*
 Hert, hertis. *beart; bears.*
 Hes. s. *bæs.*
 Het. *bot.*
 Hether. s. *beatb, a low shrub,*
that grows upon the moors,
&c. so luxuriantly, as to
choak the grass; to prevent
which the inhabitants set
rabote acres of it on fire; the
rapidity of which gave the
poet that apt and noble simile
in p. 107. (Mr. Hutchinson.)
 Heuch. s. *a rock or steep hill.*
 Hevede; hevedest. *bad, badst.*
 Heveriche, hevenriche. *bea-*
veny. p. 8.
 Heyze. *bigh.* Heyd. s. *bied.*
 Hicht: a-hicht. s. *on height.*
 Hie dames to wail. s. p. 105.
bigh [or, great] ladies to
wail; Or, baffen ladies to
wail, &c.
 Hight. *promised, engaged: also,*
named.
 Hilt. *taken off, slayed. Sax. hyl*
dan.
 Hinch-boys. *hench- (properly*
haunch-) men, pages of bo-
nor: pages attending on
persons of office.
 Hind. s. *behind.*
 Himy. a. *boney.*
 Hit. it. *hit be write. p. 8. it be*
written.
 Holden. *bold.*
 Holtis hair. s. p. 78. *boar bills.*
 Holy-roode. *holy croft.*
 Honden wryng. *hands wring.*
 Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and*
halting.
 Houzle. *give the sacrament.*
 Howeres, howers. *hours.*
 Huerte. *beart.*
 Hye, hyest. *bigh, bighest.*
 Hynd attowre. s. *behind, over,*
or about.
 Hyp-halt. *lame in the hip.*
 Hys. *bis; also, is.*
 Hyt, hytt. *it.*
 Hyznes. *bigbness.*

I.

Janglers. *talkative persons,*
tell-tales. Also wranglers.
 I-fere. *together.*
 I-lore, loff. I-strike. *Stricken.*
 I-trowe. [I believe,] *verily.*
 I-wiffe. [I know,] *verily.*
 Ich. I. Ich biqueth. *I bequeath.*
 Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*
 Ilk: this ilk. s. *this same.*
 Ilke. p. 18. *every ilke. every*
one.
 Ilk one. *each one.*
 Illfardly. s. *illfavour'dly, ug-*
lily.
 Inowe. *enoug.*
 Into. s. *in.*
 Jo. s. *sweet-heart, friend. Io*
is properly the contraction of
Joy, so rejoice is written re-
joce in old Scottish MSS. par-
ticularly Banatyne's passion.
 Io forth. p. 20. *should probably*
be loo, i. e. balloon.
 Is. p. 4. *bis.*

Ife. s. *I shall.*Its neir. s. p. 100. *it shall ne'er.*Jape. s. p. 506. *an upper garment.* fr. a petticoat.

K.

Kauk. s. *chalk.*Keipand. s. *keeping.*Keel. s. *raddle.*Kempes. *soldiers, warriours.*Kend. s. *knew.*Kene. *keen.*Kid, kyd, kithed. *made known, shown.*Kind, kinde. *nature.* p. 15.
To carp is our kind. it is
*natural for us to talk of.*Kirm. s. *churn.*Kiste. s. *chests.*Kith and Kin. *acquaintance
and kindred.*Kowe. p. *Cow.*Kye. *kine, cows.*Kirtel, kirtle. *petticoat.*Kythe. *appear; also, make ap-
pear, shew, declare.*Kythed. s. *appeared.*

L.

Lane, lain. s. *lane.* her lane,
*alone, by herself.*Laide unto her. p. 254. *imputed
to her.*Lasse. *left.*Layne. *lien: also, laid.*Leek. p. 70. *phrase of contempt.*Leal, leil. s. *loyal, honest, true,
f. loyal.*Leiman, leman. *lover, mistress.*Leir. s. *lere. learn.*Lenger. *longer.*Length in. p. 274. *resideth in.*Leit, latte. *binden.* p. 21. *bind-
ken, leave off.* late. *let.*

Leyer, rather.

Leves and bowes. *leaves and
boughs.*Leuch, leugh. s. *laughed.*Leyke, like. *play.* p. 123. 245.Lie. s. lee. p. 109. *field, plain.*Liege-men, *vassals, subjects.*Lightly. *easily.*Lire. *flesh, complexion.*Lodlyc. p. 52. *loathsome, vili-
Gloſſ. vbl. 3. lothly.*Lo'e. s. *love.*Loo! *havo!*Lore. *lesson, doctrine, learning.*Lore. *loſt.*Lorrel. *aforsy, worthless person.*Losel. *ditto.*Loud and still. *pbr. at all times.*Lought; lowe. *laughed.*Lowns. s. p. 102. *blanks. Ra-
ther opposed to wainly, boſe-
rous.*Lowte, lout. *bozo, stoop.*Lude, luid, luivt. s. *loved.*Luiks. s. *looks.*Lyard. p. 19. *Grey. a name
given to a borſe from its grey
colour, as Bayard from bay.*Lys. *lies.*Lythe. p. 170. *easy, gentle.*Lyven na more. *live no more
no longer.*Lyzt. *light.*

M.

Maden. *made.*Making. p. 46. *fc. verſeſſ
verſifying.*Marrow. s. *equal.*Mart. s. *married, burt; damaged.*

Mane,

Mane, maining. s. *mean, mean-ing.*

Mangonel. *an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c. before the invention of gunpowder.*

Margarite. *a pearl.* lat.

Maugre. p. 4. *s spite of.* p. 75. *ill-will (Incur.)*

Me. p. 9. men. *Mecon. men'gan,*
Me-thuncketh. *methinks.*

Mean. *moderate, middle-fixed.*

Meit. s. *meet, fit, proper.*

Meid. s. p. 105. *mood.*

Meise s. *soften, reduce, mitigate.* p. 108.

Mell, boney. *Also, meddle, mingle.*

Menie the faught. s. p. 105. *measure the battle.* To give to the menle, is, to give above the measure. Twelve and one to the mense, is common with children in their play.

Menzie. s. *meaney, retinue, company.*

Messager. f. *messenger.*

Minny. s. *mother.*

Mirke. s. *dark, black.*

Mirry. s. *meri. merry.*

Miskaryed. *miscarried.*

Mister. s. *to need.*

Mo, moe, more

Moiening. *by means of.* fr.

Mome, *a dull, stupid person.*

Mone. *maon.*

More, mure. s. *moor, heath, marshy ground; also wild hill.* p. 4. *mores ant the fenne. q. d. hill and dale.*

Morne. p. 75. *to morn. to-morrow: in the morning.*

Mornynge. p. 45. *mourning.*

Mote I thee, might I thr ie.

Mowe. *may, mou.* s. *mouth.*

Muchele boſt. *mickle boſt,*
great boſt.

Mude. s. *mood.*

Mulne. *mill.*

Murne, *murnt, murning.* s. *mourn, mourned, mourning.*

Myzt; myzty. *might; mighty.*

N.

Natheleſs. *nevertheless.*

Near. s. *ner, nere. ne'er, never.*

Neat. *oxen, cows, large cattle.*

Neatherd. *a keeper of cattle.*

Neatresse. *a female ditto.*

Nere. p. 274. *ne were; were it not for.*

Nest; *nyest.* *next; nearest.*

Noble. *a gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6s. 8d.*

Nollys, p. *noddles, beads.*

Nom. p. 8. *took.* *Nome.* *name.*

Non. *none.* *None.* *noon.*

Nonce. *purpose.* *for the nonce, for the occasion.*

Norse. s. *Norway.*

Nou, *now.*

Nout; *nocht.* s. *nought: also, not.* *Nout.* p. 10. *seems for 'ne mought.'*

Nowght. *nought.*

Nowls, *noddles, beads.*

Nozt. *nought, not.*

Nyzt. *night.*

O.

Ocht. s. *ought.*

Oferlyng. *superior, paramount.*
opposed to underlyng. p. 4.

On, p. 45. *one, an.*

On.

On-loft. *p. 23. a loft.*
 Onys. *once.*
 Or. *ere, before.*
 Orisons. *s. prayers: f. oraisons.*
 Ou, oure. *p. 7: you, your. ibid.*
our.
 Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
 Out owre. *s. out over.*
 Owene: awen, ain: *s. own.*
 Owre. *s. over.*

P.

Pardé, perdié. *verily. f. par
dieu.*
 Pauky. *s. shrewd, cunning,
sly. or, saucy, insolent.*
 Pece. *piece. sc. of cannon.*
 Pees, pese. *peace.*
 Pele. *a baker's peel.*
 Pentarchye of tenses. *five ten-
ses.*
 Perchimine. *f. parchment.*
 Per fay. *s. verily. f. par foy.*
 Perkin. *diminutive of Peter.*
 Perfit. *s. pearced. pierced.*
 Petye. *pity.*
 Peyn. *pain.*
 Pibrochs. *s. Highland war-
tunes.*
 Playand. *s. playing.*
 Plett. *s. platted.*
 Plyzt. *plight.*
 Plowmell. *p. 21. a small wood-
en hammer occasionally fixed
to the plow, still used in the
North: in the midland coun-
ties in its stead is used a
Plow-Hatchet.*

Poll-cat. *a cant word for a
whore.*
 Pollys, powlls, pollis. *head.*
 Powdered. *p. 19. a term in
Heraldry, for sprinkled over.*

Powlls, pollis, blads. *blades.*
 Prayle-folk. *p.*
 Preft. *f. ready.*
 Prieſe. *p. 37. prove.*
 Priving. *s. proving, taking.*
 Prove. *p. 42. proof.*
 Prude, *p. 4. pride. It. proud.*
 Puing. *s. pulling.*
 Purchased. *p. 12. procured.*
 Purvayed. *provided.*

Q.

Quat. *s. quitted.*
 Quaint. *p. 228. cunning. p. 245.
nice, fantastical.*
 Quel. *p. 125. cruel. murderous.*
 Quillet. *quibbles. l. quidlibet.*
 Quyle. *s. awhile.*
 Quyt. *s. quite.*
 Qwyknit. *s. quickened, restored
to life.*

R.

Rae. *a roe.*
 Raik. *s. to go apace. Raik or
raw, go fast in a row.*
 Ranted. *s. p. 6. were merry.
vid. Gl. to Gent. Shepherd.*
 Raught. *reached, gained, ob-
tained.*
 Ratz. *raught, or p. rest.
bereft.*
 Rea'me, reaume. *realm.*
 Rede, redde. *p. 9. read.*
 Rede, read. *p. 31. advise, ad-
vice.*
 Redrefſe. *p. 71. care, labour.*
 Refe, reve, reeve. *bailiff.*
 Refe, berewe, or perhaps,
rive, ſplit. *p. "*
 Reid. *s. advise.*

Remeid. s. *remedy*.
 Rescous. *rescues*.
 Reve. p. 19. *bereave, deprive*.
 Revers. s. *robbers, pirates, rovers*.
 Rew. s. *take pity*.
 Rin. s. *run*.
 Rise. p. 276. *shoot, bush, shrub*.
 Rive. p. 279. *rise, abounding*.
 Rood lost, *the place in the church where the images were set up*.
 Rudd. *ruddiness; complexion*.
 Raxe. s. *rood, cross*.
 Ruell-bones. p. 18. *perhaps bones diversly coloured*. f. ri-
 alè.—*or perhaps, small bone-rings, from the Fr. rouelle, a small ring or hoop. Cot-graw. Diction.*
 Rugged. p. 23. *pulled with violence*.
 Rushy. s. p. 78. *should be rashy gair, rushy stuff; ground covered with rushes*.
 Ruthel. p. 42. *pity. p. 205. woe*.
 Ryschys. *rushes*.
 Rywe. *rue*.
 Ryzt. *right*.
 S.
 Safer. p. *saphyre*.
 Saif. s. *saive. Savely. safety*.
 Saifede. *seized*.
 Say. p. 28. *assay, attempt*.
 Scant. *scarce*.
 Schall. *shall*.
 Schattered. *shattered*.
 Schaw. s. *show*.
 Schene. s. *sheen: shining; It. brightness*.
 Schiples. s. *shipless*.
 Scho. s. *sbe*.
 Schuke. s. *shook*.
 Schlat. *slate: p. 12. little table-book of slates to write upon*.
 Seomfit. *discomfit*.
 Scot. *tax, revenue. p. 5. a year's tax of the kingdom; also shot, reckoning*.
 Sc; fene; seying. *see; seen; seeing*.
 See; fees. s. *sea, seas*.
 Sely, seely. *full, simple*.
 Selven. *self*.
 Selver, filler. s. *silver*.
 Sen. s. *since*.
 Senvy. *mustard-seed. f. servis*.
 Seve. p. 279. *seven*.
 Sey yow. p. 11. *say to, tell you*.
 Seyd. s. *saw*.
 Shave, p. 69. *be shave. bequhaven*.
 Sheeve, shive. *a great slice or luncheon of bread. p. 244*.
 Shirt of male, or mail, *was a garment for defence made all of rings of iron, worn under the coat. According to some, the Hawberk was so formed*.
 Sho. s. *sbe*.
 Shope. p. 271. *betook me, shaped my course*.
 Shorte. s. *shorten*.
 Shrive. *confess. Item, bear confession*.
 Shynand. s. *shining*.
 Shurting. *recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gæw. Dougl. Gloff*.
 Shunted. *shunned*.
 Sich, sic. s. *sach*. Sich. s. *sigb*.
 Side. s. *long*.
 Sindle.

Sindle. s. *seldom.*
Sitteth. p. 3. *sit ye.*
Skaith, scath. *barm, mischief.*
Skalk. p. 124. *perhaps from the Germ. Schalck, malicious, perverse. (Sic Dan. Skalck. Nequitig, malicia, &c. Sheringham de Angl. Orig. p. 318.)—Or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen, to squint. Hence our Northern word, *Skelly*, to squint.*
Skinker. *one that serves drink.*
Skomfit. *discomfit.*
Skot. *shot, reckoning.*
Slattered. *slit, broke into splinters.*
Sle, sea, sley, slo. slay.
Slee. s. *fly.*
Sonde. *a present.*
Sone, soon. p. 9. *soon.*
Sonn. p. 276. *son, sun.*
Soth, sooth. *truth; also, true.*
Southly. *truly.*
Sould. s. *should.*
Souling, p. 242. *victualling.*
Sowle is still used in the north for any thing eaten with bread. A. S. Suple. Suple. Tab. 21. 5. (or to sowle, may be from the French word souler “to stuff and cram, “to glut.” vid. Cotgrave.)
Sowne. *sound p. 47. (rhythmigr.)*

Spec. *spak, spack. s. spake.*
Speere. p. 135.
Speered, sparred. i. e. *fastened, but* *. *vid. p. 135.*
Speir. s. *speer. spear.*
Speir. s. (p. 62.) *speer. speare. ask, inquire. Vid. Gloss. vol. 3.*
Spence, spens. *expence.*
Spindles and whorles, *the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, in the same manner as spinning wheels here †.*
Spilt. s. *spoilt.*
Spole. *shoulder. f. espaule. p. 192. it seems to mean “arm-pit.”*
Stalwart, stalworth. *stout.*
Startopes. *buskins, or half boots, worn by rustics, laced down before.*
Stead, stede. *place.*
Steir. s. *fir.*
Stel, stef. *steilly. s. steely.*
Stound. *time, a stound, a while.*
Stown. s. *stolen.*
Stoup of weir. *a pillar of war.*
Strike. p. 12 *stricken.*
Stra, strae. s. *straw.*
Styrt. *start.*
Suthe, *swith. soon, quickly.*
Suore bi ys chin. *sworn by his chin.*
Sware. *swearing, oath.*
Swa, sa, so.
Swarvde.

* So in an old “Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c. 4to. Enprynted by Wynkyn de Worde:” we are exhorted to “**SPERE** [i. e. shut “or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south.” fol. 5.

† **THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES** are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for Shoe-makers, and even some Linen-webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed Salmon-nets are made, are spun upon SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than Spinning-wheels.

Mr. LAMB.

Swarvde, swarved. *climbed.*
 Swaird. *the grassy surface of the ground.*
 Swearde, swerd. *sword.*
 Sweenys. *dreams.*
 Swypyn. p. 22. *striking fass;*
 [Cimb. *suipan, cito agere,*
 or rather ' scourging,' from
 wolvere, raptare.] *Scot.*
 Sweep. *to scourge, Vid. Gloss.*
 to Gaw. Douglas.
 Sweypyls. p. 21. *A Sweplyl is*
 that staff of the flail, with
 which the corn is beaten out.
 wulg. a Supple: (called in
 the midland counties a Swind-
 gell; where the other part is
 termed the Hand-staff.)
 Swinkers. *labourers.*
 Swyving. *whoring.*
 Syke. *sigb.*
 Syn. *since.* Syne. s. *then.*
 Syshemell. p. 66. *Ijbmael.*
 Sych. *sueb.*
 Syth. *since.*
 Syzt. *sight.*

T.
 Take. p. 25. *taken.*
 Taken. s. p. 108. *token, sign.*
 Targe. *target, shield.*
 Te. to. *te make.* p. 3. *to make.*
 Te he! *interjection of laughing.*
 Temt. s. *beed.*
 Terry. *diminutive of Thierry.*
 Theodoricus, Didericus. Lat.
 Tha. p. 22. *them.* Thah. *though.*
 Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there.*
 The. *thee.*
 The God. p. 25 *Seems contract-*
 ed for The he. i. e. high God.

The, thee. *thrive.* So mote I
 thee. p. 88. *So may I thrive*.*
 Thii. p. 279. *they.*
 Thi sone. p. 9. *thy son.*
 Thilke. *this.*
 Thir. s. *this, these.*
 Thir towmonds.s. *the first twelve*
 months.
 Tho. then. p. 33. *those. p.*
 the.
 Thole; tholed. *suffer; suffered.*
 Thouft. *thou shalt, or shouldest.*
 Thrang. s. *throng: close.*
 Thrawis. s. *throes.*
 Thirti thousand. *thirty thousand*
 Thrie. s. *thre, three.*
 Thrif. *thrive.*
 Thruch, through. s. *through.*
 Thud. p. 108. *noise of a fall.*
 Tibbe. *In Scotland Tibbe is*
 the diminutive of Isabel.
 Tild down. p. 177. *pitched. qu.*
 Till. s. to p. 16. *when. query.*
 Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy.*
 Tint. s. *lost.*
 Too-fall. † s. p. 374. *twilight.*
 Traiterye. *treason.*
 Trie. s. *tre, tree.*
 Trichard. *treachorous. f. tri-*
 cheur.
 Tricthen. *trick, deceive.*
 Trough, trouth. *troth.*
 Trow. *think, believe, trust.*
 Trumped. p. 15. *boasted, told*
 bragging lies, lying stories.
 So in the North they say,
 " That's a Trump," i. e. a
 lie. " She goes about trump-
 " ing;" i. e. telling lies.
 Trumps made of tree. p. 21.
 perhaps

* So in Chaucer, *passim.* *Canterb. Tales. Vol. I. p. 308.*
 " God let him never THE."
 † *" Toofall of the Night,"* seems to be an image drawn from a sus-
 pended canopy, so let fall as to cover what is below. (Mr. LAMBE.)

perhaps: "wooden trumpets:" musical instruments fit enough for a mock tournament.

Tuke gude keip. s. kept a close eye upon her.

Turnes a crab. sc. at the fire: roasts a crab.

Twirtle twist. s. p. 102. thoroughly twisted: "twisted," "twirled twist." f. tortillè.

V.

Vair. *Somersetsh. Dialect.* fair.

Valzient. s. valiant.

Uch. each.

Vive. p. 279. *Som.* vive.

Unseeded, p. opened; a term in Falconry.

Unmusit. s. undisturbed, unfounded. perh. unmuvit.

Unsonsie. s. unlucky, unfortunate.

Vriers. *Som. friers.* p. 290. (it is Vicars. in PCC.)

Uthers. s. others.

Vazen. *Som.* probably for faither, i. e. faiths: as bousen, chosen, &c.

W.

Wa. s. p. 95. way. p. 275. wall.

Wad. s. would.

Waine. wagon.

Wallowit. s. faded, withered.

Wame. s. womb.

Wan neir. s. drew near.

Wanrufe. s. uneasy.

War ant wys. p. 8. wary and wise.

Ward. s. watch, sentinel.

Warke. s. work.

Ward. s. world.

Waryd. s. accursed.

Wate. s. weete, wete, witte, wot, wote, wotte. know.

Weale, weel, weil, wele. s. well. Wearifu'. weariforme, tiresome, disturbing.

Wee. s. little.

Weet. s. wet.

Weid. s. wede, weed. cleathes, clotbing.

Weldyng. ruling.

Weinde. s. wende, went, weehde weened, thought.

Wene; weneft. ween; weenefti Wend, wenden. go.

Wende. went. p. 9. wendeth. goeth.

Wer. were.

Wereth. p. 274. defendanth.

Werre: weik. s. war. Warries. s. war's.

Wes. was.

Wetlin. s. wekern.

Whang. s. a large slice.

Wheder. whither.

Whelyng. wheeling.

Whig. sour whey, or butter milk.

Whorles. See Spindles.

Wildings. wild apples.

Winsome. s. agreeable, engaging.

Win. s. get; gain.

Wirkewilier. workmorewisely.

Wiss; wift. know; knew.

Withouten. without.

Wobster. s. webster. weaver.

Wode-ward. p. 38. towards the wood.

Woe worth. woe be to [thee.]

Won. wont, usage.

Wonders. wonderous.

Wood. mad, furious.

Wote, wot. know. I wote. verily.

Worshipfully frended. p. 255. of worshipful friends.

Wow. An exclamation of wonder; also vow. *Lond. Dialect.*

Wreake.

Wreake. *pursue revengefully.*

Wreuch. *s. wretchedness.*

Wrouzt. *wrought.*

Wynnen. *win, gain.*

Wisse. *p. 8. direct, govern, take care of.* A. S. *pifian:*

Y.

Y. I. Y synge. *I sing.*

Yae. *s. each.*

Y beare; *Y-boren, beare;* *borne.* *so Y-founde.* *found.*

Y-mad. *made.* *Y-wonne.* *won.*

Y-core. *chosen.*

Y-wis. *[I know] verily.*

Y-zote. *molten, melted.*

Yalping. *s. yelping.*

Ycha. *ilka. each, every.*

Ycholde, *yef. I shoud, if.*

Ychon. *each one.*

Yearded, *p. 276. buried.*

Yede, *yode. went.*

Yfere. *together,*

Yf. *if.*

Yll. *ill.*

Yn. *house, home.*

Ys. *p. 10. is.* *p. 4. bis.* *p. 8. in bis.*

Z.

Zaering bell. *Som.* *Sacking bell.*

a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host.

(It is Zeering in PCC. p. 292.)

Zede. *p. yede. went.*

Zee: *zeene. Som. see: seen.*

Zef. *yef. if.*

Zeirs. *s. years.*

Zeme. *take care of.* A. S. *ze man.*

Zent, *through.* A. S. *ze ond.*

Zestrene. *s. ye ster-e on.*

Zit. *s. zet. yet.*

Zoud. *s. you'd, you would.*

Zule. *s. yule. christmas.*

Zung. *s. young.*

A D D I T I O N A L N O T E S.

Page 142.

The Lady celebrated by Gascoigne in this Poem, was Catharine, daughter of Edmond, second lord Chandos, wife of William lord Sands. See Edmondson's Peerage.

Pag. 184.

Mr. Eambe in his notes to the poem on the Battle of Flodden field, contends that the name of HORSLEY is a mistake, and that the expert Bowman, who shot Sir Andrew Burton, was of the family of HUSTLER, long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland. See Notes, pag. 5.

A D D I T I O N S

T O

THE ESSAY ON PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

TO the list of poems in the Alliterative Metre, the editor can add another, which he has lately met with in MS *. It begins thus

Crist Crowned Kyng, that on Cros didest †,
 And art Comfort of all Care, thow † kind go out of Cours,
 With thi Halwes in Heven Heried mote thou be,
 And thy Worshipful Werkes Worshiped ewre,
 That suche Sandry Signes Shewest unto man,
 In Dremyng, in Drecchynge §, and in Derke fwevenes.

The Author from this proemium takes occasion to give an account of a Dream, that happened to himself; which he introduces with the following circumstances.

Ones y me Ordained, as y have Ofte doon,
 With Frendes, and Felawes, Frendemen, and other;
 And Caught me in a Company on Corpus Christi even,
 Six, other || Seven myle, oute of Suthampton,
 To take Melodye, and Mirthes, among my Makes;
 With Redyng of *ROMAUNCES*, and Revelyng among,
 The Dym of the Derknesse Drewe me into the west;
 And beGon for to spryng in the Grey day.
 Than Lift y up my Lyddes, and Loked in the sky,
 And Knewe by the Kende Cours, hit clerid in the est;
 Blyve y Busked me down, and to Bed went,
 For to Comforde my Kynde, and Cacche a slepe.

He then describes his dream.

* In a small 4to MS. containing 38 leaves in private hands.
 † Didst dye. † though. § being overpowered. || i. e. either, or.

Methought that y *Hoved* pa *High* on an *Hill*,
 And loked *Doun* on a *Dale* *Depest* of othre ;
 Ther y *Sawe* in my *Sighte* a *Selcouthe* peple ;
 The *Multitude* was so *Moche*, it *Mighte* not be nombrēd :
 Methoughte y herd a *Crowned Kyng*, of his *Comunes* axe
 A *Soleynes* & *Subsidie*, to *Susteyne* his *werres*.

With that a *Clerk* *Kneled* adowne and *Carped* these wordes,
 Liege *Lord*, yif it you *Like* to *Listen* a while,
 Som *Sawes* of *Salomon* y shall you shewe sone.

The writer then gives a solemn lecture to kings on the art of governing. From the demand of subsidies 'to susteyne his werres', I am inclined to believe this poem composed in the reign of K. HENRY Vth. as the MS. appears from a subsequent entry to have been written before the 9th of Henry VI. The whole poem contains but 146 Lines.

The Alliterative Metre was no less popular among the old Scottish poets, than with their brethren on this side the Tweed. In Maitland's Collection of ancient Scottish Poems, MS. in the Pepysian library, is a very long poem in this species of versification, thus inscribed,

Hair begins the Tretis of the Twa Marriet Wemen, and the Wedo, compylit be Maister WILLIAM DUNBAR.

" Apon the Midsummer evin *Mirrieft* of nichtis
 " I *Muvit* furth all ane *Meid* as *Midnight* was past
 " Befyd ane *Gudlie Green Garth* *, full of *Gay* flouris
 " *Hegeit* † of an *Huge Hicht* with *Hawthorne* treis
 " *Quairon* ane *Bird* on an *Bransche* so *Birst* out *hir* notis
 " That nevir ane *Blythfuller Bird* was on the *Beuche* || hard &c."

‡ solemn.

* Garden.

† Hedged.

|| Bough.

The Author pretends to over-hear three gossips fitting in an arbour, and revealing all their secret methods of alluring and governing the other sex; it is a severe and humourous satire on bad women, and nothing inferior to Chaucer's Prologue to his Wife of Bath's Tale. As DUNBAR lived till about the middle of the fifteenth century, this poem was probably composed after SCOTTISH FIELD (described above, in p. 277.) which is the latest specimen I have met with written in England. This poem contains about five hundred lines.

But the current use of the Alliterative Metre in Scotland, appears more particularly from those popular vulgar prophecies, which are still printed for the use of the lower people in Scotland, under the names of THOMAS the RYMER, Marvellous MERLING, &c. This collection seems to have been put together, after the accession of James I. to the crown of England, and most of the pieces in it, are in the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions. The first of them begins thus.

“ Merling fayes in his book, who will Read Right,
 “ Although his Sayings be uncouth, they Shall be true found.
 “ In the seventh chapter, read Whoso Will,
 “ One thousand and more after Christ's birth, &c.”

And the Prophecie of BEID.

“ Betwixt the chief of Summer and the Sad winter;
 “ Before the Heat of summer Happen shall a war
 “ That Europ's lands Earnestly shall be wrought
 “ And Earnest Envy shall last but a while, &c.”

So again the Prophecie of BERLINGTON.

“ When the Ruby is Raised, Rest is there none,
 “ But much Rancour shall Rise in River and plain
 “ Much Sorrow is Seen through a Suth-hound
 “ That beares Hornes in his Head like a wyld Hart, &c.”

In like Metre is the Prophecie of WALDHAVE.

“ Upon Lowdon Law alone as I Lay,
 “ Looking to the Lennox, as me Lief thought,
 “ The first Morning of May, Medicine to seek
 “ For Malice and Melody that Moved me sore, &c.”

And lastly, that intitled, The Prophecie of GILDAS.

“ When holy kirk is Wracked and Will has no Wit
 “ And Pastors are Pluckt, and Pil’d without Pity
 “ When Idolatry Is In ens and RE
 “ And spiritual pastours are vexed away, &c.”

It will be observed in the foregoing specimens, that the Alliteration is extremely neglected, except in the third and fourth instances; although all the rest are written in imitation of the cadence used in this kind of metre. It may perhaps appear from an attentive perusal, that the poems ascribed to Berlington and Waldhave are more ancient than the others: indeed the first and fifth appear evidently to have been new modelled, if not intirely composed about the beginning of the last century, and are probably the latest attempts ever made in this species of verse.

In this and the foregoing ESSAY are mentioned all the specimens I have met with, of the Alliterative Metre without rhyme: but instances occur sometimes in old Manuscripts, of poems written both with final Rhymes and the internal cadence and alliterations of the Metre of Pierce Plowman.

THE END OF THE ESSAY.

POST-SCRIPT

TO THE REMARKS ON THE WORD FIT.

Since page 168 was printed off, reasons have offered, which lead us to think that the word FIT, originally signified “a poetical strain, verse,” or “poem”; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus K. Alfred in his Boetius, having given a version of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, Dage-
 yfdom tha thaſ fitte aſunjen haſde, p. 65. i. e. When
 “ wisdom

" wisdom had sung these [FITS] verses." And in the Proem to the same book Fon on fitte " Put into [FITT] verse." So in Cedmon, p. 45. Feond on fitte, seems to mean " composed a song," or " poem."

Spencer has used the same word to denote, " a strain of music :" see his poem, intitled COLLIN Clout's come home again, where he says, The Shepherd of the ocean [Sir Walt. Raleigh] Provoked me to play some pleasant FIT.

And when he heard the music which I made
He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it &c.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing ; thus in the old play of Lusty Juuentus (see p. 114.) Juuentus says.

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a FITTE.
And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied by BALE to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (thoug I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he intitiles two Chapters of his English Pastores, pt. 2d. viz.—fol. 49. " The fyrt FYTT of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus." —fol. 50. " An other FYTT of Anselme with kynge Wyllyam Rufus." See also Glass. of Vol. I.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



28. *Roberd Kynge of Cyfyll* (or Sicily) shewing the fall of Pride. Of this there is also a Copy among the Harl. MSS. 1703. (3.) The Camb. MS. begins

Princis that be prowde in prese.

29. *Le bone Florence of Rome*, beginning thus

As ferre as men ride or gone,

30. *Dioclefian the Emperour*, beginning,

Sum tyme ther was a noble man.

31. The two knightly brothers *Amys and Amelion* (among the Harl. MSS. 2386. § 42.) is an old Romance of Chivalry; as is also, I believe, the fragment of the *Lady Belefant, the duke of Lombardy's fair daughter*, mentioned in the same article. See the Catalog. Vol. 2.

32. In the Edinburgh MS. so often referred to (preserved in the Advocates Library, W. 4. 1.) might probably be found some other articles to add to this list, as well as other copies of some of the pieces mentioned in it; for the whole Volume contains not fewer than xxxvii poems or romances, some of them very long. But as many of them have lost the beginnings, which have been cut out for the sake of the illuminations; and as I have not had an opportunity of examining the MS. myself, I shall be content to mention only the articles that follow *, viz.

An old Romance about *Rouland* (not I believe the famous Paladine, but a champion named *Rouland Loutb* ; quere) being in the Volume, Numb. xxvii. in 5 leaves, and wants the beginning.

* Some of these I give, though mutilated and divested of their titles, because they may enable a curious inquirer to complete or improve other copies.

xxxviii ANCIENT POEMS.

33. Another Romance, that seems to be a kind of continuation of this last, intitled, *Ostel a Knight*, (Numb. xxviii. in 11 leaves and a half.) The two first lines are,

Hesketh both zinge and old,
That willen heren of battailes bold.

34. *The King of Tars* (Numb. iv. in 5 leaves and a half; it is also in the Bodleian Library, MS. Vernon. f. 304.) beginning thus,

Hesketh to me bothe eld and sing,
For Maries love that swete thing.

35. A Tale or Romance, (Numb. 1. 2 leaves), that wants both beginning and end. The first lines now remaining are,

Th Erl him graunted his will y-wis. that the knicht him haden
y told.

The Baronnis that were of mikle pris. befor him thay werea
y-cald.

36. Another mutilated Tale or Romance (Numb. iii. 4 leaves). The first lines at present are,

To Mr Steward wil y gon. and tellen him the sothe of the
Reseyved bestow sone anon. gif zou will serve and with hir be.

37. A mutilated Tale or Romance (Numb. xi. in 13 leaves). The two first lines that occur are,

That riche Dovke his fest gan hold
With Erls and with Baronns bold.

I cannot conclude my account of this curious Manuscript, without acknowledging publicly, that I am indebted to the friendship of the Reverend Dr. BLAIR, the present ingenious Professor of Belles Lettres in the

University of Edinburgh, for whatever I know of its contents, and for the important additions it has enabled me to make to the foregoing List.

Many new references, and perhaps some additional articles might be added to the foregoing List from Mr. WARTON's "History of English Poetry," 4to. and from the Notes to the new Edition of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales," (printed for T. Payne) in 4 Vol. 8vo. but it will be sufficient once for all to refer the curious Reader to those popular Works.

The reader will also see many interesting particulars on the subject of these volumes, as well as on most points of general literature, when Sir John Hawkins shall publish his curious "HISTORY OF MUSIC in 5 Vol. 4to." a work, which the public has long expected with impatience, and from which, the known abilities of the author lead us to expect much entertainment and instruction.

T H E E N D O F T H E E S S A Y.



The Notes referred to Vol. 2.^d pag. 25.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro Victoria

Owr Kyng went forth to Normandy with grace and

myst of Chyvaly, the God for hym wroust marvelously

Wherefore Englaunde may call and cry, *Deo Gratias.*

Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.

To come in at the End of Vol. 2.^d



